

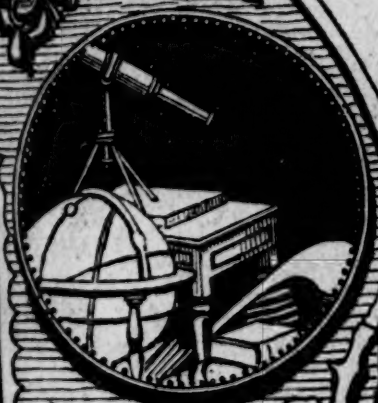
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SIXPENCE

FEBRUARY.



THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE



1867

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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1867.

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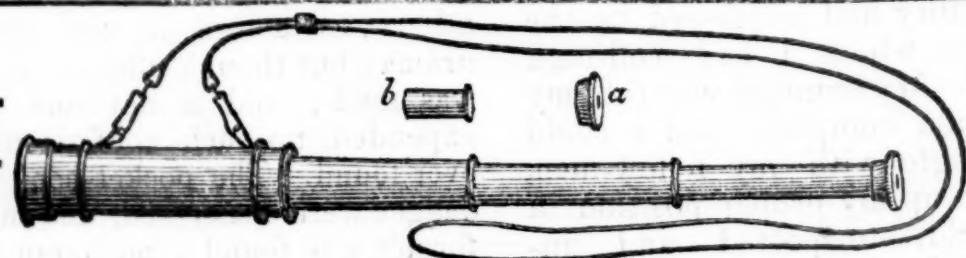
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HOW I ROSE IN THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I AM FREE! THE AVENGER ON THE TRACK.

A FEW days from the date of the events recorded in our last chapter, and the key again grated in the lock, the massive iron door swung back upon its hinges, and I walked forth into the light and air of heaven a *free man*. Free! wholly and entirely free. Free! ah, who can understand that word in its fulness and entirety, save those who have languished, like myself, in a rayless dungeon, and felt that the only path from it led them to the scaffold? Free to walk God's earth with the knowledge that my innocence had been made clear to all, and that the really guilty had confessed to the crime for which I had well-nigh suffered. My triumph was full, my vindication complete, and I could now mingle with my fellow-men, and take up my proper position in the world, unspotted and unstained. I could claim that world's sympathy; and when has it been denied to suffering innocence?

Jackson's confession (poor, misguided, erring Jackson!) was a voluntary one, given under no peculiar excitement, and certainly without coercion of any kind whatever. It was a plain, unvarnished statement of facts relating to the murder of poor Loader, though the motives which led to it were still to a considerable extent shrouded in mystery and darkness. It is true there were some passing allusion to Dorricks, but it was so slight and unsupported, that no sane man could for a moment attach any importance to it. It was plain that Jackson disliked him, and with this dislike, and the full conviction that the hand of death was upon him, and that no after consequences were to be dreaded so far as he, a dying man, was concerned, it was not too much to expect that had he (Dorricks) been even in the remotest

degree connected with the murder he would with his last breath have openly denounced him. To have made the confession full and entire (and such he evidently wished it to be), this, and this alone, seemed wanting. But did he do so? No! There was a vague charge, no doubt, so vague that it might readily have been made against any man. And if it was worth anything, which seemed extremely improbable, might possibly have referred to some incident in the life of Dorricks in no way connected with Loader, Jackson, or myself.

It occurred to many that the wretched young man had written a full confession, which would be found after his death, implicating others as actors in the bloody drama; but though diligent search was made, and money and time expended, no such confession was ever found. The pocket-book and dagger were discovered, and in the former was found a memorandum, dated the day of the murder, to the effect that Loader had drawn a cheque for £100, which he intended presenting to me, precisely in the place indicated, but nothing further. And so time rolled on, and the smooth waters settled themselves above the head of Simon Jackson, and himself and his crime became things of the past.

Almost the first use I made of my liberty, was to call upon the poor girls who had perhaps suffered most of all by the sudden stroke.

I found them as I had expected—"Sorrowing, but not as those without hope." Time, too, had partly healed the wound, and dried up the well-spring of grief. Readiest among the ready, with warm, gushing, practical sympathy, was Richard Graham. I felt that it would be so, for I knew his heart, and, knowing, trusted it.

To my surprise, little Fanny did not appear to have suffered so much as I had feared, and she looked far



less delicate, and far more cheerful than when I saw her last. But when I considered that Graham was her gentle, loving nurse, I own I no longer wondered. Graham told me as the reader is already aware, that he loved her. "And if there be truth in woman," thought I, "that love is returned."

I next called upon Mr. Roberts, and he received me kindly, but by no means warmly. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing me, but thought that, for various reasons, I should not return to my former employment, at least, not for the present. I told him it was not my intention to do so, and then inquired after the health of Mrs. and Miss Roberts. He said they were both well, but out of London, and would not be back for a week or so before the marriage, which had been postponed in consequence of the death of Loader.

"Did he know those words stabbed me? If so, it was cruelty itself.

And Dorricks, the ever-gentle, sympathising Dorricks—where was he? Gone to O'Leary's to take me by the hand, and express the deep, deep thankfulness with which he regarded my release. So Mr. Roberts said, and so, on my return, I found it.

Never shall I forget the expression of joy that lighted up his pale, handsome countenance, as he took me by the hand and said:—"Mr. Allen, this is a moment I have long prayed for! The morning of your life has been clouded—may its evening be calm and tranquil."

In the midst of all the congratulations so freely showered upon me, I had still time to think of Marston, and again were my steps bent towards Mr. Hopkins's, of the "Shoreditch." To my surprise and disappointment, that gentleman had not seen him since my last visit, nor could he give me any clue by which I might discover his whereabouts. He handed me back my own letter, and expressed his full intention of standing something to drink. Saddened and depressed, I wended my way

slowly homeward, and met Stephen a short distance from the house in quest of me.

A letter, he said, bearing the New York postmark, was lying at home for me. One of Mr. Roberts's porters had left it in the early part of the day, it having been addressed to Cannon Street.

"We must leave for Galway tomorrow, George," he continued, as we mounted the steps leading to the hall door; "a month there will do you all the good in the world."

How tenderly he alluded to the real cause of the trip! A month, and she would be the wife of Dorricks.

The letter, addressed "G. Allen, Esq.," was in the handwriting of my step-father, Philip Marston.

Stephen and I (for I had no secrets from him) ran our eyes over it together, and read thus:—

"New York, 14th June.

"DEAR GEORGE,—I am here and busy, though not with my own affairs. I have heard that Eveleen Roberts marries Stephen Dorricks on the 16th proximo, in St. George's Church. I know him, and will be there.

Ever yours,

"P. M."

These few lines altered all our plans. We would not go to Galway.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MARRIAGE—AN INTERRUPTION —AND A DEATH.

A FORTNIGHT passed but I could hear nothing of Eveleen. She had not yet returned. A week more and Dorricks called to give me an invitation to be present at the marriage ceremony and the wedding breakfast; and he took occasion to allude to Mr. Roberts's conduct towards me, which he pronounced quite inexcusable. When, however, he possessed the right to remonstrate with him he would do so. The right! How he cut me! It was unwittingly, though, for it was perfectly evident that he never even dreamed of my attachment to Eveleen.

I had sufficient mastery over my feelings, therefore, to beg that he would not mention the subject to Mr. Roberts; and then, on the part of Stephen, Mrs. O'Leary, and myself, formally accepted the invitation.

I told Stephen of the invitation, and he was glad that I had accepted it. He still adhered to the opinion that Eveleen would never marry Dorricks.

And ten days passed, and but four now remained; the eleventh brought me a letter from Eveleen. It was short and evidently written with a struggle. I give it:

"Boulogne sur Mer.

"Thanks to our gracious God for your deliverance; it was strange and unlooked-for. On Wednesday next I marry Dorricks. He is kind, and tried hard to save you. Be present at the ceremony, and see how determinedly I will go through it. Quit England then, and never let me see you more. I told mamma I would write to you, and she approved of it. I now think better of Stephen than I ever did before, and am very sorry for having wronged him. I will try and be a good wife to him, for I am sure he deserves it. Till Wednesday adieu, and then for ever.
E. R."

A last look, dear Eveleen, a last prayer, and all will be over!

Over! Have I nothing to live for, then? Yes! two hearts that must now be all the world to me; they are worth living for, and for them, God aiding me, I will live.

And days again passed, and that one came which was to smile upon the vows (oh, vows how often broken!) of the gentle Eveleen and the saint-like Dorricks.

It was a bright, warm morning, yet I felt a chill as I emerged from the bedclothes, and proceeded to dress for the ceremony. In an hour, and we three were in a hired carriage, and rattling over the hard London pavement towards St. George's Church, of which the Rev. Walter Somers was the incumbent.

We soon reached it, and found all the parties assembled, save the officiating clergyman, who I understood was the Rev. Lennox Mowbray, nephew to a "peer," and heir to fourteen thousand a year.

When he arrived, I found him a man of about fifty, tall, slow, and pompous, with a cold, grey, fishy eye; a long head, and small white, delicate-looking hands. Notwithstanding being a little late, he was by no means in a hurry; but walked with a measured, stately step into the vestry-room, where he remained for at least a quarter of an hour robing, discoursing with the clerk, and brushing his scant iron grey locks over his ears and into his eyes. He then took up his proper position at the communion table, and called to the sexton to shut down the window, the draught being—on a hot July morning—as he termed it, "perfectly intolerable."

Whilst this was being done, Stephen and I, who stood somewhat in the background, glanced simultaneously around the church; but there was no Marston there, and I felt a bitter pang at my heart as I again turned towards the bridal party. It was a small one. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, the bride elect, two bridesmaids, Dorricks, his "best man," Graham, Mr. Snaggs, and six or eight others.

Never once during the ceremony did I catch the eye of Eveleen or of Mrs. Roberts; they both seemed carefully and sedulously to avoid me. Mr. Roberts merely inclined his head as we entered, and then turning to his daughter, whispered something in her ear. Not so, Dorricks! He glided to our side for a moment, pressed our hands cordially, and then stepped forward to his original position, and the service almost immediately afterwards began. The Rev. Lennox seemed at first as if he intended "intoning" it; but changing his mind, read with tolerable distinctness and solemnity the usual opening address, as prescribed by the Church of England. This having been gone through, he proceeded to that part commencing with, "I require and charge you both;" and again my eyes wandered round the church, and again wearily and hopelessly did they seek the calm, upturned face of Stephen Dorricks.

No impediment to the marriage having been alleged by any present, the usual question, "Wilt thou have," &c., was put and answered. Their troth was next plighted; the ring produced, put on, and the reverend gentleman formally pronounced them *man and wife*.

Like a lump of ice, his words fell upon my heart, and I leant heavily against Stephen for support.

"Courage, lad," he whispered; "the eye of Dorricks is upon you."

It was so. He looked at me half pityingly, half wonderingly.

In a moment I was myself again.

"Let us pray," said the minister; and as we knelt down there was a slight rustle behind me, and someone breathed very hard. I dared not turn to look, but I felt certain that it was a woman.

The prayer proceeded; but when Mr. Mowbray came to the words, "Where the ring given and received is a token and pledge," there was a pause, and I saw distinctly a hand rapidly passed over the shoulder of the kneeling Dorricks, on to the open book in the hands of the clergyman, and as rapidly withdrawn. No eye but my own saw this; for all were so impressed with the solemnity of the service that they did not look up. The pause became a lengthened one, and then Mowbray rose, and in a clear, ringing voice, and with the book still before him, read thus:—

"I certify to having performed the marriage ceremony, in St. Saviour's Church, Liverpool, on Sunday, the 6th day of April, 1838, between Stephen Armytage, otherwise Dorricks, gentleman, and Eleanor Anne, daughter of the late Robert Hutton of this town, coach-builder.

(Signed)

Ebenezer Williams, Incumbent.

David Stuart

William Langan

} Witnesses.

Dated this 1st July, 1845."

With a cry of surprise and horror we all rose to our feet, and glared wildly at the minister.

"Have I read aright?" he asked, turning to Dorricks. "Can this be true?"

Dorricks stretched out his hand and took the paper, which he appeared to examine with some curiosity.

"It is true in every particular," said he, with a soft smile as he handed it back.

"Oh, God be thanked!" burst from the agonised heart behind me, and in an instant the wasted form of a once lovely woman was crouching at his feet.

He raised her, and, I thought, tenderly—Heaven be praised for that one touch of nature.

"Oh, Stephen, my own, own wedded love, joy and pride of this poor withered heart! look on me, and say that you own me as your wife."

Dorricks took her on his arm, but not a muscle of his face moved, though Philip Marston now sternly confronted him.

"Do you acknowledge this woman to be your wife?" asked the latter.

"I have already done so," said Dorricks, calmly.

"'Tis well; fear not, your secret is safe with me. Villain, as you are, Dorricks, I would not harm you."

"I thank you. Come with me, madam."

"To the world's end, Stephen," exclaimed the poor trembling creature; "for my heart is still yours—yours as truly and devotedly as—"

"I will spare you the remainder," he interrupted; "for I perceive that our presence here is no longer necessary. I presume no one intends indicting me for an attempt at bigamy?"

All were silent.

"I have to apologise, then, for the intrusion of this lady, who, you see, thinks her husband worth claiming, after all. Mr. Roberts, your daughter is free.—Mr. Allen, marry her.—Mr. O I say, don't get drunk at the wedding.—Marston, a word with you."

He bowed with his old grace and stateliness; and with his wife upon his arm, and closely followed by Marston, walked quietly out.

Ten minutes elapsed before any

one in the sacred edifice had found his tongue.—The Rev. Lennox Mowbray was the first to speak.

"This is an unhappy business," said he, "but pray make the best of it."

Such was that gentleman's mode of conveying consolation.

We left the church, and sought our homes in silence. I saw Eveleen and her mother helped into a carriage, but I did not trust myself with a look at their faces.

That night Mr. Roberts was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired before medical assistance could reach him. Crushed and humbled at the disgrace and downfall of his favourite, and mortified beyond measure at the failure of his own schemes respecting him and Eveleen, the proud heart of that stern old man had burst, and he died without a sigh or groan.

CHAPTER XXV.

DORRICKS' CONFESSION.

My story draws to a close; but little now remains to be told.

Mr. Roberts's will was examined. It was brief. To Mrs. Roberts he had left a life interest in £10,000, invested in the "Consolidated Funds," the principal to revert to Eveleen at her death. To Dorricks (how he loved that man!), provided he became the husband of Eveleen, two-thirds of the profits of his well-paying establishment, the remaining third to go to poor Loader. "A codicil" had been added since the poor gentleman's murder, revoking that part of the will which concerned him, but leaving £3,000 to be divided equally amongst his daughters.

There was not the slightest allusion to Graham in it, nor, indeed, did he expect it, for he had never been a favourite.

I did not see Marston for about a week after Mr. Roberts's death. He called one night late at Stephen's, where he found us all seated round the fireside.

"Dorricks and his wife," said he "have left the country; and

here is a confession, which I have induced him to make. Do not read it for a month or so; I have not ventured to do so myself, but believe it is full and complete.

"And you?" I asked, taking a small sealed packet from his hands.

"This is my last night in England; to-morrow I sail for another land."

And Marston went. I accompanied him to Liverpool, and there, on board the Adriatic, shook hands with him for the last time.

Mrs. and Miss Roberts now went abroad, and I sank into a gloomy, listless, apathetic young man.

From this apathy I was aroused by the return to England of my relative, Mr. Spalding. He had acquired considerable wealth, and come back as rich as a Jew, and as yellow as a kite's claw. He made a will in my favour (for he had no other connections), and then retired quietly to a little cottage in Devonshire to die.

Marston was now gone two months, and Dorrick's packet still remained unopened. After a short conference with Stephen, I decided upon breaking the seal. The reader will doubtless desire to see its contents, so I give the document, as I received it.

"To Mr. George Allen,—

"Stephen Dorricks sends you his confession, which he feels you may reasonably demand at his hands. He does so as an act of simple justice to a deeply-injured man; not to evoke on his own behalf the pity and sympathy of a world which, from his childhood, he has despised.

"To begin then!

"I was born in the little village of Middleborough, a few miles from the great town of Northampton, somewhere in the year 1817, so that I have now reached my twenty-eighth year. My father I never saw, and my mother was hurried off by pulmonary consumption before I could lisp her name. To distant relatives and warm friends I was indebted for food, clothing, and, in after years, a liberal education. A clever, gloomy, silent boy, avoiding the sports and amusements

of those of my own age, sex, and condition, I was looked upon as a thing to be feared by children; to be hated by men. My impenetrable reserve kept me aloof, from all, frequently seeking the darkness and solitude of my own closet, when others rushed with a cry of joy from the schoolroom to the playground. They found pleasure in the hoop, the ball, or the kite; I in books and my own thoughts. I was the first of my class and took the "honours," I gained with a thankless heart. They were my rights, and well I knew that my tutors and examiners would have kept them from me if they dared. To *them* I owed no gratitude, and I was not mean enough to attempt any. The laurels I had won I put aside with a careless hand, and then, as they withered, rose up and gathered fresh one. To excel in all things was my chief ambition; to look down upon other boys of mean pretensions my greatest pride. Books, sealed to others, were boldly opened by me, and their hidden stores of knowledge seized with a determined hand. With none did I share those treasures. Miser like, they were clutched to my heart, and there they remained. And so I grew up, and at sixteen was pronounced a youthful wonder. But my hard, cold, selfish nature sadly detracted from the brilliancy of my achievements, and I became a boy to be respected—not loved; but respect and love were only names with me. When seventeen I went to Oxford, and here fresh triumph awaited me. Silly Viscounts, and light-headed Marquises, with a royal noodle or two, competed with me, but I laughed at them, and bore off the prizes before their drowsy wondering eyes. They were jealous of and envied me; but I liked their jealousy and their envy, for they showed that I was something.

"*'Hate me,'* said I, *'if you will—you cannot despise me.'*

I had two or three kindred spirits amongst those titled Oxonians; clear, cold, crafty boys, who had cut out for themselves a path in life, and were determined fearlessly

to tread it. They were my only companions, and I took a real pleasure in their society. We read together, walked together, and carried on our plans together; we were a sort of "mutual benefit association," and each and all worked for the general good. We preyed upon the rich and thoughtless, who wished to be crammed for an examination, and were paid handsomely for "coaching" them up their class. Those who did not deal liberally, usually had the satisfaction of seeing themselves well plucked, and sent home, after term, covered with shame and disgrace. Oxford was our *El Dorado*, and gold was to be had for the picking.

When I left Oxford it was with a heavy purse and a full determination to increase its weight by every means in my power. I looked round me, and saw that all the learned professions were stocked with young scions of the nobility, whose broad shoulders and empty head would have eminently qualified them for coalheavers. But there they were, firmly blocking up the way, and there they would remain, till either promoted or pushed aside to make way for some more wealthy or influential candidate.

If I tried the bar, it was by no means clear that my Lord Tomnoddy, the weakness of whose intellect I never questioned at school or college, would not be a silk gownsman and a judge before me; that if I looked to the church, the Honorable Septimus "Go-asleep" might one day be my rector, and ultimately my diocesan; and that if I took up the sword, Lord Viscount Dashaway, slightly imbecile, and wholly dissipated, might, after a mess dinner, put me under arrest for some fancied insult to him—my *commanding officer*. The "stage," to be sure, was still before me, but I had no love for it. The cold reality of the "Behind the Scenes" gave me an uncomfortable shiver, and I thought of how many threadbare coats were laid aside to give place to the gold and tinsel of the "footlights." Thousands of brilliant, high-souled men, I knew,

had entered upon that profession to retire in a few years crushed, broken-hearted, and poverty-stricken, and lay themselves down in some quiet nook to die. You may tread upon the grass above them every day as you pass, but their names are *not* 'to be found upon the tombstones.' Poor, patient drudges! they live out their appointed time, and then find a nameless grave.

"One profession (and it *is* a profession) alone remained—that of a gambler. I embraced it; and in a gaming-house at Cheltenham first met Philip Marston. We became acquaintances; so I won his money and left him. It was some years before I saw him again: but of that by-and-bye.

"It is not to be supposed that, in a career like mine, any man can meet with continuous or unqualified success. A turn of luck, and the man who is rich to-day may be penniless to-morrow, and end all his troubles, so far as this life is concerned, in the Seine or the Thames. I had many and bad reverses, and was often reduced to a state bordering on actual starvation, but never to hopeless or helpless despair. Long since I had counted the cost, and was prepared for drawbacks in every shape and form. On one occasion, having lost nearly every penny I possessed in the world, I found myself in Liverpool, friendless and unknown. The latter circumstance was rather favourable to me than otherwise, for having no money to try my fortune at the gaming-table, I determined upon becoming—what? a teacher of languages! A glowing advertisement in the morning papers; a change of name; a forged certificate of character and qualifications; a quiet, self-possessed, sanctimonious air, and I was a perfect success. Replies teemed in on all sides, and I had some difficulty in making a selection from the mass of letters I received. I laid by, however, eight or ten of the most promising, and handed the remainder back to the clerk at the newspaper office,

to be given to the first unsuccessful advertiser in my new profession he might chance to meet.

In a week I was comfortably installed in the house of a Mr. Hutton, a respectable coachbuilder, who had his establishment in Islington, and his residence at Waterloo, close to the seashore. His family consisted of himself, his daughter—a girl of seventeen—and two boys, twins, three years younger. That girl became in twelve months afterwards my wife, and is the same who interrupted the ceremony between Miss Roberts and myself. Being my wife, you will not, of course, expect me to do more than allude to her. She was a gentle, loving, virtuous woman, and as such, no helpmate for Stephen Dorricks. I tired of, and left her; started for Paris, and soon found myself in that gay capital, with a passport, a thousand pounds, and a good deal of downright knavery.

"Here I met Marston, plying his calling with some success. Again we played, and again I won. I half pitied him, for he was now a beggar; but one sees *such* beggars every day in Paris.

"I grew wealthy, and soon set up an establishment—that is, I took a house, furnished it neatly, and usually invited the rich and titled to my parties, and contrived to send them away by daybreak very much lighter from their visit.

"One man I could never win from—a Captain Henri D'Auvergne, a one-eyed rascal; a Corsican by birth, and covered with hair, decorations, and crosses of honour. This fellow boasted, in tolerably good English, of having seen much service, and had a voice strongly resembling distant thunder, or the booming of a whole park of his own artillery. I looked upon him as an imposter of the very shabbiest type (as such, indeed, he afterwards proved himself to be), but there was one fact quite apparent—that at the gaming-table he was my match. Seeing this we coalesced, and, like as at Oxford, worked together for our mutual advantage.

The ragamuffin was an incorrigible drunkard (an odd failing for a gambler, by the way), but nevertheless contrived, by some means or another, to make the acquaintance of many wealthy, and even titled families in Paris, and he introduced me wherever he went. At the house of a decayed marquis of great pretensions he was a welcome guest. This gentleman was very fond of a quiet game at *écarte*, and the captain (when sober) played it to perfection. I soon found that the scoundrel's whiskers and one eye (black) had made a decided impression upon the old aristocrat's eldest daughter; and as she had a hundred thousand francs in her own right, it occurred to me that he was playing his game to some purpose. This young lady had probably seen forty summers, and looked a little the worse for wear. She had a sister fifteen years younger, and as she possessed thirty thousand francs more, I determined to woo, and, if possible, win her. I borrowed, therefore, the name of an obscure Northamptonshire baronet, and, as Sir Richard somebody or another laid siege to her heart. In a little time the fortress yielded, and hand, heart, and fortune were declared to be my own. The marquis nodded approval, for the very name of an English baronet was enough for him.

I at once determined upon bigamy. It was a bold step, but a necessary one to the accomplishment of my designs. To do this, however, my wife must believe me dead; and a mock duel, and an account of its fatal result inserted in the English papers, would have the desired effect.

"But some one must aid me,—a man reckless of consequences, and who only knows fear by name. Such a man is Marston. I will seek him.

"I found him in the garret of a mean-looking house, sitting in his shirt sleeves, and coolly smoking his pipe. He was sober and smelled strongly of onions.

"Marston," said I, after our first greeting, "do you want money?"

"Do I want what?" he asked, in a surly tone.

"Money."

"Why, of course, I do. Who's to give me any, I should like to know."

"I!"

"You?"

"I!"

"Oh, you're jesting, Dorricks; you win my money when I've got any, and then you come here to sport with me. It's not fair. I'll—"

"Believe me, I am not jesting," I interrupted.

"No! Are you going to give me any, then?"

"Yes! How much do you want?"

"Well, if you didn't consider a couple of hundred too great a stretch on your part, I shouldn't mind borrowing that sum for a little while."

"It's yours!"

"Hem! Tell me what I'm to do for this?" he inquired, suspiciously tossing up the purse into the air, and catching it in his open palm as it fell; "to lure some poor devil to the gaming table, or cut some successful rival's throat. I'll not do either."

"Be serious, Marston, and tell me, have you ever fought a duel?"

"Yes, two!"

"You've a steady hand, and a quick eye?"

"I fancy so."

"Listen, then!"

"Go on!"

"I am about to marry!"

"Oh!"

"Don't interrupt me. The lady is rich, beautiful, and accomplished, and the daughter of a marquis, who is able to make all our fortunes—yours included."

"Well, I don't see," said Marston, after a slight pause, "why the marquis, as you call him, should make *my* fortune; but go on."

"There's one, and only one obstacle to this marriage."

"And that is——"

"That I'm married already."

"The devil!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "I never knew that before. What a deep fellow you are, to be

sure. Married! Why did you leave your wife, then?"

"Did I say I left her?"

"No, no, certainly not; but come to the point."

"Well, then, you and I must fight a duel."

"I'll be hanged if we do, though, till I know for what."

"Why for the £200 I've given you, of course. This duel that I speak of, will differ in one particular from most duels, there will be no bullets in the pistols, and it will be only a duel in name. In a word, Marston, I must, to my present wife, at once and for ever, be a dead man."

"Oh, I see; the affair is yours, and you have, doubtless, good reasons for acting as you do; so tell me what part you want me to play."

"I briefly explained to him that, at a gambling-house which I named, he was, on the following night, to insult me; I was to demand satisfaction, which he refusing, a meeting was to be arranged for the next morning; seconds were to be provided at once, and pistols loaded with powder only were to be used. At the first discharge, I was to fall; to be carried away mortally wounded, and in a day or two after an account of my death to appear in the English prints."

"Marston agreed to this, and I hurried off to find my gallant friend, leaving him comparatively rich and happy."

"For a military man my hairy friend handled the pistols very awkwardly; and I thought that his hand shook slightly as he proceeded to examine them."

"At length, preliminaries being arranged, we were placed back to back; the word was given; two sharp reports rang out, and Marston, bounding high into the air, fell flat upon the earth, with a bullet-wound in his left side. My one-eyed rascal had done that for him by quietly dropping a piece of lead into my pistol when our eyes were off him, lest, as he afterwards told me, he should at any time become troublesome."

"The 'hero' and myself now hurried away as fast as horse-flesh could carry us, leaving Marston and his friend sole occupants of the field."

"Our scheme was unsuccessful. We presented ourselves at the marquis's that evening, only to have the one kicked out, and the other threatened with an equally summary ejection. They had learnt that very day, that the 'warrior' was an English footman out of place, and, I presume, that I was looked upon as little better."

"Foiled, then, in this second attempt to catch an 'heiress,' I hurried back to England, and—you know the rest."

"Not quite, though."

"Jackson's memory must, to some extent, be vindicated."

"He murdered Loader, it is true: but why? You shall learn, and in a few words."

"I was, for some time, aware that Mr. Roberts proposed making Loader a partner in the 'firm,' and I intended, in the event of his doing so, that that gentleman should not enjoy his new position very long. It would not at all have suited me, as Eveleen's husband. Roberts could not live for ever, and at his death (and I felt that he would die suddenly) I should be sole master or nothing. Dorricks should share with no one."

"Jackson was half-witted and fond of gambling. I found this after a short conversation with him, and encouraged him in his propensity without appearing to do so. The fellow was reasonably educated and apt, and just the man to suit my purpose. Once in my power, and no slave would be more obedient to my will. I learnt from him that he needed money; that he had purloined various sums from time to time, both from Loader and Roberts; and that he feared, of all things, a discovery. I lent him £50, told him that he might one day be able to repay it with interest, and, moreover, advised him to tell Loader what he had done, and to promise better things for the future. I also left my cheque."

book in his way, as if by accident, and the temptation proving too great (as I knew it would), he forged my name for another fifty, got the money, and was now entirely in my power.

I told him that I freely forgave him for what he had done, but that, unfortunately, I had, in an unguarded moment, mentioned the circumstance to Loader, and that I feared there was no real security for him so long as the old man lived. I could see a hellish light gleam in his eye as I spoke, and I felt that, at any moment, he was prepared to murder him.

"During all this time, I was perfectly well aware of your attachment to Eveleen; but as it interfered in no way with me, I did not concern myself about it. You did not, in the slightest degree, stand in my path. Had you done so I would have removed you from it, as I would a dog. Whether you lived or died, therefore, made no difference to me. Nay, more: had I Eveleen's fortune, and a substantial interest in her father's business, I would willingly have surrendered her to any man. Loader was the only obstacle to my unlimited power and control, and that obstacle must be quickly got rid of.

"A word in Jackson's ear, and it was done.

"'Jackson,' said I, the day I heard the deed of partnership was to be signed—'Jackson, to-morrow Loader will be your master, and, with the knowledge of your former good conduct, he will doubtless see sufficient reason to promote you when once he gets the reins in his hands.'

"'That to-morrow will never come, though I hang for it,' muttered Jackson.

"I left him without another word, and troubled myself no further. It mattered not to me how Loader died; die he would, and that very night.

"Have I said enough? No.

"Of one trifle you would like to know something more.

"The lock of hair!

"It was burnt, and in my presence. I saw you take it from Mrs. Roberts's hands, and I smiled as I saw you; but how Jackson became possessed of it I know not. If you are at all curious on the point, and that your memory serves you, you will probably ask him at the last great day.

"Jackson, in his dying moments, spared my reputation. He was bound by oath to do so.

"To enable you to account for the sudden change in Mr. Roberts's manner to you, I may state that was my doing. Though I did not fear you as a rival, yet I thought that your presence, in the capacity of cashier, might be inconvenient; and so I told him of your affection for his daughter, and suggested your quiet removal.

"During the latter part of your incarceration, that daughter was a close prisoner to her room, and hence she could not visit you as she did before. I suggested this likewise.

"You perceive, Mr. Allen, how candid I am!

"Should you have any desire to see the one-eyed Corsican, whose treachery so nearly cost your stepfather his life, he can be found in drab livery any day, behind the carriage of my Lord —, of Piccadilly. He has divested himself of his hair and decorations; speaks English with a thorough cockney accent, and on the whole has become a tolerable Christian. Despite all this, if he be not hanged some fine morning, I'm singularly out in my calculations.

"And thus I have redeemed the promise I made to Marston.

"As for yourself, marry Eveleen Roberts, if you can;—if you cannot, do the next best thing—secure a rich widow, and live comfortably for the remainder of your days.

"I have done! Burn this packet or not, just as you may think proper. Perhaps in years to come you would like to reread it in order to tell your children (should you have any) something of me; and in such case you will preserve it. But do not print it; do not give it

the dignity of type; it has no moral; can answer no purpose, and its publication might, perhaps, serve to direct unnecessary attention to—STEPHEN DORRICKS."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MY MARRIAGE.

TWELVE months past and gone, and again Eveleen Roberts sits in the little summer-house of Tudor Lodge, in the Old Kent Road. She is dressed in deep mourning, and traces of recent suffering are on her face. Her golden hair hangs, as of old, upon her neck and bosom; a book is before her, and it needs only the crushed portrait of the wretched Dorricks to complete the picture.

I am reading for her his confession. She has a right to hear it, and I have no right to withhold it.

Tears are in her eyes, and pity, I know, is in her heart.

"Gifted, erring man," she murmurs, "how I grieve for him!"

"I have made the most diligent inquiry, Miss Roberts, but can learn nothing of him. I fear he is dead."

She shudders. I understand that shudder. A man who looks down a precipice and sees the danger he has unwittingly escaped, shudders too.

"And so poor Mr. Rogers has been taken from us."

"Yes! he died, I might say, in my arms. You are aware, of course, that the Cannon Street house has been sold?"

"Quite; and I am glad of it. I do not think I should like to go there and see so many strange faces. But you?"

"I am rich now—at least moderately so—and I think of travelling for a year or so."

"And alone?"

"Yes!"

She looked up with a bright smile.

"George, you remember my last words in that gloomy cell?—'Eveleen Roberts prays for your peace and happiness.'"

"I do! God above bless you for them."

"Are you now happy?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"I dare not tell you."

"What if I guessed it?"

"Even then I could not confess."

"No?"

"No!"

"Poor George, I pity you."

"Pity me, Miss Roberts!"

"Yes, pity you. You have happiness within your reach, and yet you will not put out your hand to take it."

Her hand was outstretched towards me!

"What can this mean?" I exclaimed, starting back. "Miss Roberts—Eveleen—do not jest with me. I have suffered much and long. Oh God! *how* much, and *how* long! And now—and now—oh, this hour of doubt and fear. I—I—dare say no more—imperfect—unworthy—all, all unworthy—still I am—"

"A fool! (excuse me for the compliment), not to have known what everybody for three long years suspected. What! you do not speak!—then I must. It is a leap-year, and I but avail myself of a woman's privilege. Yes, George, travel to France, Italy, Germany, round the world, if you will; but remember you take me with you, for it 'is not good for man to be alone.'"

And the dear head was pillowed upon my heart; and the dear arms, oh, how lovingly, encircled me! And under that starlit sky, and with the memories of the past before me, I swore to be to her a husband and a father.

* * * * *

Two weddings in one day! A great event, truly. The papers duly chronicled them, and it is not too much to say that I am thankful to the papers.

The *Morning Post* was in raptures when describing the personal charms of the bride, and as Mr. O'Leary read it at the breakfast

table loudly, sonorously, and with his old flourish, Mesdames Allen and Graham hung down their heads, looked confused, and softly murmured—"How silly!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEATH OF STEPHEN DORRICKS.

"A FOREIGN letter, George," said Eveleen, one morning, bounding suddenly into my study, where I sat reading the previous night's debate in the "House;" "a foreign letter, George! and it bears the Montreal post-mark. Who can it be from?"

It was from Philip Marston. With trembling fingers I broke the seal and read:—

"Montreal, 4th July, 1851.

"DEAR GEORGE,—I write to you because I am rich and prosperous. Fortune—don't call her fickle jade—has smiled upon me; and Marston of Bishopsgate Street Without, and Marstou of Cambridge House, Montreal, are no longer the same person. I have prospered—prospered far beyond my deserts, and I do not act the hypocrite when I say that I am grateful for it. With you I know all is well, for I read, some years ago, in an English paper of your marriage. I would have written at the time and offered my congratulations, but that I was poor, and feared you might think I wanted to intrude my poverty upon you. I can now write without any danger of such a charge.

"And so you are happy at last—really and truly happy? By Jove, I'm glad of it! I've every reason to be proud of you, and you've every reason to be proud of your wife. Give her my respectful compliments, and say that I am now a new man. I have shaved off my moustache—but you needn't tell her that—clipped my beard, put on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and look exactly what I am—a comfortable, well-to-do farmer and grazier. I have upwards of two hundred acres of excellent pasture land, and pigs, poultry, sheep, and horned cattle to no end. I keep

eight men constantly employed, winter and summer, and work myself with the best of them. I dig, plough, sow, and reap during the day, and enjoy myself in the evening with a mug of cider (now my favourite drink), and the conversation of any friend who may chance to drop in. At a moderate calculation, I am worth four thousand pounds in stock, and have as much more lying out at a fair interest. Pretty good that, for a six years' resident. I would ask you to come out here, were it not that you are so well off and happy at home. Poor old England!

"I suppose you heard of the death of Dorricks? Lest you should not I will give you the particulars presently.

"And this reminds me that I ought to explain the cause of my absence from England at the time that you were charged with the murder of Loader, and, as Dorricks doubtless told you, in his confession, of our acquaintance, it will not be necessary to allude that. So much the better, for I am anxious to deal as gently as possible with his memory.

"It was from unfortunate Jackson that I learnt of his (Dorricks) intended marriage with Miss Roberts—now, thank God, Mrs. Allen; and I was on my way to America in search of his wife at the time of Loader's murder. I knew that in Liverpool he abandoned that wife, and I determined upon discovering her if alive. To Liverpool I went, but found that she had sailed for New York eight or nine months previously. I could learn little of her, save that she had arrived in that city safely, and intended, in all probability, passing the remainder of her days there. She had spent nearly every penny she possessed, my informant told me, in endeavouring to discover her husband; but at length, despairing and broken-hearted, she sank down upon, what people at the time believed to be, her death-bed. During her illness a friend saw an account in one of the London papers of his having fallen in a duel somewhere

near Paris, and by common consent the paper was destroyed, and she, poor thing, kept in ignorance of his supposed fate. The knowledge of it, all foresaw, would have killed her. It was a long time before she was sufficiently recovered to move about, and then, in order to get her out of the country, and in the hope that change of scene would bring about renewed health, a trip to New York was suggested, as the most likely of all places in which to find her husband. With a cry of joy, she rose up and prepared to go. The poor, confiding creature had become young again, and the thought of once more holding him to her heart brought back the colour to her cheek and the light to her eye. For Armytage she would have begged the world over.

"Can you describe her?" I asked of the woman who supplied me with this information.

"One of the loveliest craytures you ever set eyes upon," was the reply.

"But this was too vague, so I pressed for a closer and more accurate description.

"She looked suspiciously at me, and asked why I was so anxious about her?"

"I told her that my motive was a good one, being no less than that of restoring to her her husband, who, I assured her, was no more dead than myself.

"Alive!" exclaimed the old lady, in astonishment. "Mother of glory, can it be possible?"

"It is true, my dear madam," I replied.

"But didn't we see an account of his death in the papers?"

"You did; but that account was supplied by himself, for the express purpose of getting rid of his wife.

"There's villyany for you!" exclaimed the woman (who, by the way, was from the same country as your friend, O'Leary), clapping her hands, and looking horrified. "To say that she who would put her hands under the soles of his feet any day in the year, should be

trayed that way! Oh, the black-hearted wretch!"

"I must find her quickly, if at all," I continued; "for the wretch, as you term him, is about to marry a London lady of great wealth and beauty."

"Is it Armytage?" she asked, half incredulously.

"Yes, Armytage, or Dorricks, or whatever you choose to call him."

"The Lord keep us from all hurt and harm, but he was the unlooky bird," said the woman, crossing herself devoutly.

"Now, my old friend, since you know of my good intentions with reference to Mrs. Armytage, will you kindly favour me with her age, dress, precise appearance, and any other peculiarity by which she might be known to a stranger."

"That would take too long, and you'd be likely to forget it," she replied, after a little consideration; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. Mrs. Armytage, poor soul, was very short of money going away, having only just what paid her passage, so she pledged a picture of herself—a rare likeness—for ten shillings in Whitechapel; and as I have the ticket, if you don't mind the cost, I'll release it for you, and then, with that in your pocket, you'd know her amongst ten thousand."

"I gave the woman a sovereign, telling her to fetch the picture instantly, and to keep the change for her trouble. She did both, and I left her soon afterwards, overwhelmed with prayers and thanks.

"I now started for New York, where I arrived after a tedious passage of nearly four weeks, and pursued my inquiries for some days without success. I first began with the shipping agents, then the boatmen, next the bakers, butchers, greengrocers, &c., but in vain. None knew a Mrs. Armytage, or any lady whose appearance at all corresponded with that of the portrait. I tried advertisements in the papers with no better result. I would have applied to the police, but feared that such a step might compromise her or myself. Weary

and dejected I wandered about, picture in hand, comparing it with the features of every woman I chanced to meet. All, all in vain.

"Jaded and foot sore, I one evening turned into a dingy looking public-house, at the corner of the Fourteenth Street, and throwing myself into a seat, called for something to drink. I had not sat there many minutes, when a young woman with soft brown hair, and very retiring, modest demeanour, entered and timidly approached a large brandy-faced woman, who stood behind the counter, eating a sandwich, and washing it down with some genuine stout. One glance satisfied me that she was person I was in search of. A slight, delicate, and singularly pretty-looking girl, of scarcely two and twenty, with mild blue eyes, and a sad, melancholy expression of face. Though the weather was cold, she was but lightly clad, and I saw more than one hole in her thin, well-worn shawl. She carried a paper parcel in her hand, and this, with a trembling, nervous hand, she laid before the portly landlady.

"Please, ma'am, here are the shirts," she said, in a low, faltering voice.

"Mrs. Bulster (for so she was called) deliberately finished her supper, wiped her lips with the corner of her apron, and then carelessly taking up the parcel, said very pompously,—'that'll do, I haven't time to look at them, now—Call again!'

"With a weary, heavy sigh, that seemed to come from out the depths of her poor, broken heart, Mrs. Armytage turned to go. At the door she paused, and I could see that there was a sharp struggle going on within her. It did not last long, for with another sigh she again approached the counter.

"Would it be too much, ma'am—she began.

"Now, you've had your answer, young woman," said Mrs. Bulster, turning away.

"Oh, how mournfully appealing was that white, upturned face!

"There was another struggle.

"If the child weren't so ill, ma'am, I wouldn't think of—"

"Here, James," roared the brute to a waiter with a very dirty napkin, who was engaged at that moment in the pleasing occupation of scratching his equally dirty head: 'Here, James; show that person the door. 'pon my word, a pretty pass we're come to, when the likes of her stands to chop logic with a respectable tavern-keeper, who has paid her rent and taxes regularly for the last thirty years. I'll take care she never drives a needle for me again, the forward hussy.

"Another sob burst from the poor girl's labouring breast, as, drawing her shawl tightly around her, she walked out without another word or look.

"I followed at some distance, so as not to attract her attention. It was now bitterly cold, and the snow was falling fast. But neither cold nor snow was heeded, as with bowed head she walked slowly, wearily on.

"I darted into a shop, procured a bottle of wine, and emerged just in time to catch a glimpse of her figure as it passed through the doorway of a wretchedly mean, tumble-down-looking house. I waited a few moments and then followed, groping my way up the narrow, dirty, dilapidated staircase, at a positive risk to life and limb. When the crazy balusters had ceased to creak, I knew she had gained the top, for, of course, she lived in the back garret—where else? When I reached the open door, I paused and looked in. There was neither fire nor light, and the damp night-air had begun to fill the room. She had sunk upon her knees on entering, and in earnest, heartfelt tones poured out her soul to God. Two persons were the burthen of her prayer—her child and the idolised Armytage.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, aloud; 'how she still loves that man.'

"She rose with a start and a scream.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," I said, advancing into the room.

"Who are you?" she asked, in a low, frightened voice.

"A friend—a true and sincere one."

"Alas! I have no friends, sir; I am poor and helpless."

"Mrs. Armitage, I—"

"You know me, then?" she interrupted, hastily.

"I do, and have come all the way from England to seek you."

"From England? Poor, dear happy England, why did I ever leave you?"

"Have you a light, Mrs. Armitage?"

"Alas! no, sir."

"I will fetch one, then. Do not fear me. I mean you nothing but good."

"I half tumbled down the stairs, gained the street, purchased a candle, some bread, and a little cooked meat, and then groped my way back again. Having lighted the candle with a match, I placed the provisions (at which a little girl about three years old looked eagerly) and wine upon the table, and dragging it towards her, begged her to eat."

"She looked at me earnestly, but did not move."

"Come, I will set you the example," said I, filling out and drinking a glass of wine as I spoke.

"You have come from England, sir, and in search of me?" she questioned, still standing in the centre of the room.

"I did. Now, do sit down."

"How did you find me, sir?"

"I saw you in a tavern, half an hour ago."

"You witnessed my humiliation, then?"

"Yes, yes; but, pray, do not speak of that now. Mrs. Armitage, I have news for you."

"She looked pale and anxious, but said nothing."

"News that I have crossed the water to bring. Shall I tell it you?"

"Yes," and she made an imploring gesture.

"Can you bear it? Are you prepared?"

"Yes; go on, sir, for mercy's sake."

"It concerns one who is very dear to you—whom you value more than life."

"Do not hesitate, sir. I am calm—collected. This friend is—?"

"Your husband—Stephen Armitage."

"With a loud cry she fell forward upon the table."

"I raised her, moistened her lips and forehead, chafed her cold, pulseless fingers, and tried to revive her by every means in my power. The child clung to her, pale, trembling, and terrified, regarding me all the while with an earnestness that puzzled me. In a little time she recovered."

"What is your name, sir, and where is my husband?" were her first questions.

"I told her."

"Did he send for me, then?"

"Heaven forgive me, I answered, 'Yes.'"

"Poor, confiding creature, she believed me, and would willingly have gone round the world with me, provided, in the end, she found shelter in the arms of Dorricks. I practised this deception upon her, because I saw plainly that if made aware of the true state of affairs, all that was earthly would not have induced her to appear against him. There was nothing left, therefore, but to counterfeit."

"I parted from her that night with the understanding that she would return with me to England by the first vessel ready to start. Before I went to bed I scrawled a few lines to you, and posted it next morning. A fortnight from that day, with her child by the hand, she stepped with me on board the 'Scotia.'"

"When we reached Liverpool, it wanted but two days of that appointed for Dorrick's marriage, so that not a moment was to be lost in reaching London. We did reach it, and with what result you already know."

"I have no doubt that Dorricks informed you of the plot laid for my destruction when at Paris. I

have reason to know that he was no party to it—that, in fact, it was hatched without his consent, or even knowledge. The scoundrel who planned it, and tried to carry it out, is now, I understand, in London, shaved and respectable.

“Unfortunate Dorricks! villain as he was, his death was a terrible one.

“I left England partly because I feared my staying there might affect your interests, and partly because I thought the time had come when I should endeavour by a life of honest industry to atone in some measure for the past. But I took care that Dorricks should start first, and I never lost sight of him, till I saw him, with his wife and child, steam out from Dover for Calais.

“When I got here with that £500 which you lent me—and which I now return—I looked round for a safe and eligible investment. At the moment none presented itself. I had arrived at an unfortunate period of the year, when provisions were high, business was at a standstill, and thousands of tradesmen and artisans lounging idly about the streets, ragged, wretched, and starving. And to this the failure of several commercial houses, throwing hundreds out of employment, to swell still further the ranks of pauperdom; and I think you will admit that my immediate prospects were none of the most promising. But, as the Irish say, ‘there’s luck in leisure, and I have lived long enough to experience the truth of the adage.

“Eighteen months rolled over, and everything began to look up. A good harvest followed an unusually bad one, and skilled agriculturists, as well as farm labourers, found ready employment. Trade too revived, and the strokes of the hammer and the sound of the anvil were once more heard. Now was my time. I bought a piece of marshy land for a mere trifle, and set to work at it with a will. I got two or three stout, able-bodied fellows, to assist me, and by dint of hard work and perseverance, succeeded in reclaim-

ing some thirty or forty acres, and converting them into good, profitable pasture land. I then stocked it, but moderately, for I was determined to act in all things with prudence and caution. Here was a change, you will say—Marston the gambler absorbed in Marston the farmer—but so it was. It was three years before I saw the fruits of my labour, and then everything began to prosper beyond my hopes. Pigs, sheep, and oxen were bought, fed, fattened, and sold, and everywhere they gained a ready market. Horses I did not find so profitable, owing to a peculiar disease breaking out among them at the time, so I kept only a sufficient number for farming purposes. Others who adopted a different plan, suffered severely for their temerity.

“I now thought of building a house, for hitherto I had contented myself with a little log-hut in the marsh, and a good, substantial, well-built edifice soon reared its stony front. I call it Cambridge House; but it would sadly puzzle you to find anything ducal about it—strength, not beauty, is its pre-eminent characteristic.

“And this brings me to the fourth year of my voluntary exile.

“About this time Dorricks appeared suddenly in Montreal.

He had spent those four years in France and Germany, but was obliged to quit the latter country for reasons that he did not mention. I told him of my success, and offered to give him a “lift;” but he declined the offer, and left me without saying anything about his future plans and prospects. I learnt his address, however, and determined upon seeing him again as soon as possible.

Five or six weeks elapsed before I could carry out my intention, and I then found him in a small house situated in one of the most unfrequented streets of the city. His wife received me at the door with a welcome smile, and I could see that she felt truly happy. He was reading a work on metaphysics when I entered, and he looked up from it with a quiet smile.

"‘This is kind of you, Marston,’ said he, putting down his book and handing me a chair. I have hardly deserved it from you.’

"‘Don’t say a word about that,’ I replied; ‘but tell me of your plans.’

"He shook his head.

"‘My dear fellow, you will wonder ‘when I tell you that I have none.’

"‘None?’

"‘Positively none.’

"‘But surely you have your wife and child to think of.’

"‘They will be provided for in the event of my death. How goes on affairs in the old country?’

"‘I should rather ask that question of you, who have been there so recently.’

"‘True; but I have lived in a dream for the last four years. Marston, do you believe that there is *material* fire in hell?’

"‘No!’ said I, bluntly.

"‘I do. You remember that passage, ‘the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever.’ That ‘for ever,’ Marston, is a long time. But, tell me, what about Allen?’

"‘He married Miss Roberts twelve months or so after you left England.’

"‘I am glad of it. Poor Roberts himself followed Loader quickly enough.’

"‘He did.’

"‘In that world of spirits they talked, I suppose, of all my wickedness here below.’

"‘They have other subjects for conversation,’ said I, disliking to dwell upon such a topic.

"‘Ah, perhaps so,’ he returned, quietly; ‘it is very likely they have—very likely, indeed. Now, here is a book well calculated to unsettle a man’s faith in our good old orthodox creed. Will you read

"‘Not I.’

"‘I think you are right. The book is clever; but it seems to me as if the writer were mad. His style is convincing—strongly convincing, I should say—and yet he himself is the veriest slave to a thousand doubts and fears.’

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"‘Laugh at him and them, Dorricks.’

"‘Whilst I can; when I cannot, I shall cover my face like the Romans of old, and die like a man. Bah!’ he added, with a hoarse laugh, ‘I’m getting old and turning driveller; thirty, from this very day, if my memory serves me.’

"‘Still young,’ I urged; ‘young enough for anything.’

"‘Marston, will you promise me one thing?’

"‘Certainly!’

"‘Should I die soon—and that is not very improbable—will you see my wife back to England?’

"‘I will, though I were to accompany her there myself.’

"‘Thank you! As for me, give me a Christian burial, if possible; *it looks respectable.*’

"‘You say your wife will be provided for. In what way?’

"‘Three thousand pounds were lodged to her credit in the Bank of England two years ago by a dying brother, but with this special proviso, ‘that not one penny of the principal or interest was to be available whilst I lived.’”

"‘A very cruel and unnatural proviso, too,’ I muttered.

"‘A very necessary one, Phil.; but she is the most unselfish of her sex, and the arrangement pains her beyond expression. Would to God that she had met with one more capable of appreciating her worth!’

"‘She loves you, Dorricks, dearly.’

"‘Better, a thousand times, that she had never known love, save in name, since the object of it is Stephen Dorricks. Poor, poor girl! too late has she become dear to me. Would you believe it, Marston, that even at the eleventh hour I have learnt to love her? And were I not accursed of God and man, I might yet be happy. But I tire you.’

"‘No, Dorricks; I assure you, no.’

"‘Has Allen any children?’ he asked, abruptly.

"‘I do not know. I have not heard from him since I left England.’

H

"‘I have a child,’ said he, speaking in low, smothered tones. ‘Heaven only knows what will become of her. If she be handsome like her mother, she may one day become——. God—man!’ he exclaimed, starting to his feet and striking his forehead with his clenched fist. ‘I cannot bear to think of it!’”

"‘To you, who knew Dorricks well, I need not say that his self-control was at all times a thing to wonder at, and you will not marvel, therefore, when I say, that his having lost it under any circumstance, however trying, astonished me. He quickly recovered it, however, and seating himself, continued—

"‘You smile at my weakness? Well, be it so. We all have our weaknesses, whether we admit it or no; and my weakness is that poor child.’

"‘His wife now entered, leading by the hand a sweet little girl of about seven years old. With a cry of joy she bounded into his arms, and laid her little head upon his breast.

"‘He then appeared to fall into a reverie, which, as it lasted for nearly an hour, I was forced to rouse him.

"‘‘Stephen,’ said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder; but he did not answer me. I shook him, and he looked up. ‘Farewell, lad! I must be going. I’ve a good five miles’ ride before me, and the wind’s getting round to the rainy point, I see.’

"‘‘Good-bye!’” he replied, grasping my hand, but not relinquishing his hold of the child. Should we never meet again, remember your promise.’

"‘‘Never? I hope to see you in a day or two,’ I replied.

"‘‘In a day or two?’” he repeated with a half shudder; ‘perhaps!’”

"‘‘He’s dull to-night, Mr. Marston,’ said the poor wife, looking anxiously at him.

"‘‘It will wear away before the night has passed,’ he returned, with a melancholy smile. ‘To-morrow, old friend, you will wonder at the change.’

"‘And as the shadows of night began to darken the room, I left him with his angel child slumbering peacefully in his arms, never again to behold him in life.

"‘Prophetic Dorricks.

"‘The next morning on taking up the *Montreal News*, I was startled by the following:—

"‘‘SHOCKING SUICIDE.—Early this morning the neighbourhood of —— was thrown into a state of consternation by the announcement that a stranger, name unknown, but supposed to be an Englishman, had committed suicide under—’

"‘I did not read another syllable, but starting up, seized my hat, and vaulting upon my horse, dashed at a furious pace into the city, and up to the door of the house where Dorricks lodged.

"‘It was as I feared. The corpse of the wretched man lay extended upon the floor, rigid, and nearly bloodless; his eyes closed, his long white hands slightly clasped above his head, and a smile, half triumph, half scorn, fixed in the rigidity of death, upon every feature of that well-known face. I looked for the instrument with which he had committed destruction, and found it a little distance from the body, covered with clotted gore—an *ordinary steel-barrelled pen*. Poor fellow! with that very pen, what a blessing might he have proved to himself and his race.

"‘I learnt that after I left on that memorable night, he tenderly kissed his wife and child, and begged of them to retire to rest, as he purposed sitting up writing till a late hour. No idea of suicide entered the poor woman’s head, and even if it had, there was no weapon in the room which he could turn against himself. But Dorricks was not a man to be baulked. And having once determined upon death, his own ingenuity supplied the weapon.

"‘When found by his wife, he was half reclining in his chair, cold and stiff; a large steel-barrelled pen, with which he had been writing, driven right into his heart. A

small pencil-mark was found nearly in the centre of the chest, between the ribs, as if to denote the fatal spot, and upon this he appears to have placed the nib or point of the pen, and with the extremity of the wooden handle against the table, pressed and pressed till both could go no further. Death must have been almost instantaneous and painless, for his features were as calm and composed as if he had just sunk into a gentle sleep.

"His object in destroying himself was manifest, from a few lines which lay upon the table, traced by the now bloody pen. It was to enable his wife and child to claim the money bequeathed to them, and which was hampered by such conditions.

"And thus perished Stephen Dorricks.

"His wife did not long survive him, and in less than two months I had laid her in the same grave.

"His child is with me, and with

me she shall remain. The £3000 in the Bank of England may one day be useful to her as a marriage portion.

"For myself, I hope to die in the old country, and to lay my bones beside your mother's. You gave me your promise years ago in 'The Shoreditch,' and I know you will see that promise fulfilled.

"One word more, and I have done. Name your next boy after me, if you do not consider that name entirely disgraced, and when he grows up, let him consider himself my heir.

"PHILIP MARSTON."

And I have done so; for at this moment there sits a little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy before me, half-blinded with sleep, who has been helping me all day to copy this manuscript, and his name is PHILIP MARSTON ALLEN.

THE END.

ROMANCE OF THE SEAL AND WHALE FISHERY.

PART II.

WE cruised about for some time, occasionally shooting a few seals, for they had taken to the water, and could not be so easily captured. As this process was very tedious, and the crew was getting dissatisfied at our slow increase of stock, the captain determined to sail for the whaling ground on the west side of Davis Strait.

The morning after we entered the strait, being awakened by a rude shock, we jumped out of bed, dressed, and were soon on deck. Never shall we forget the scene—"never till life and memory perish" can we forget the thrill of delight that ran through our frame when we gazed on those majestic masses that towered in imposing grandeur all around. To add to the beauty of the scene there happened one of those sudden changes so common in those latitudes—a calm, a stillness so intense that it could almost be felt. The mist that hung around the summits of the icebergs cleared away, and out came the sun—the Arctic sun—glorifying each pinnacle that lifted its icy point to heaven. Mounting to the foretop we sat for a long time gazing in silent delight on this scene far surpassing any conception of fairy-land. Far as the eye could reach, on every side, were to be seen hundreds of those huge mountains of ice of every imaginable shape. Right in front was an enormous mass, perhaps rising to the height of 200 feet, shaped like a mighty obelisk, and pure as alabaster.* Beside this was another

lower iceberg, from whose surface there shot up little peaks and pinnacles, like the various points of a Gothic edifice. Shafts as beautiful as those of Greece, supported masses that assumed forms the most various and curious. Here was a specimen of the pure Doric, while close to it was another representing a Chinese pagoda attached to a Norman castle. Indeed, so like reality were they, that you could almost believe yourself surrounded with all the different styles of architecture. Some, after ascending to the height of fifty or eighty feet, would shoot out from the main body at right angles, and hang down in pendant tubes more beautiful than the finest Valenciennes lace. Others had assumed the forms of enormous arches, gigantic domes, ruined fortresses, and disrupted towers. Others were hollowed into unfathomable caverns, into which the sea-fowl flew, awakening with their shrill cries innumerable echoes. Here was a flat and level field, white as the purest Parian marble, while, at a little distance, there was another, whose sides were armed with gleaming spikes and tusks of sparry lustre. One could almost believe that the ruins of Athens or Rome, Palmyra or Thebes, with their marble columns and long arcades, their broken shafts and shattered temples, had arisen from the ocean, and that the ivory palaces and cities of alabaster of which we had often read, were no longer the dreams of imagination. Indeed, the whole scene seemed the work of an enchanter,

* These icebergs or ice mountains derive their origin from two different sources. Against the sides of the huge cliffs that border the coasts of the Arctic regions great masses of ice have been formed by the melting and freezing of the snows of many years. When these become too heavy they break away from the cliffs, tumble into the sea and become icebergs, the largest being formed from the immense glaciers which are to be met with on the mountains. Dr Kane, however, declares that, so far from falling into the sea, broken by their weight from the parent-

glaciers, they rise from the sea, by a gradual and comparatively quiet process. With reference to their height it is calculated that above nine-tenths of them are submerged, so that an iceberg which projects 200 feet above the surface of the sea would be in real perpendicular height nearly 2000 feet. But many of them are 300 or 400 feet high, so that they must have broken away from mountains about 4000 or 5000 feet in height.

and our mind became so bewildered by the grandeur and sublimity, the light, beauty, and novelty of every object we beheld, that we closed and opened our eyes repeatedly before we could realise the actual truth of the wondrous picture that encountered our gaze. And when, in their gyrations, they exposed their various sides to the sun's rays, there flashed from each obelisk, tower, dome, and pinnacle, the most gorgeous colours, while the surrounding masses were of the most dazzling whiteness. Occasionally pieces breaking from the main body, would rush down their sides, loosening others in their way, and dancing from point to point, shoot into the calm waters, from which, after a little, they would again emerge, bobbing up and down in the most fantastic manner. Down their riven sides, the waters, melted by the sun's rays, gushed in small cascades, while round and round their peaks, or in and out of their deep caverns, the sea-birds flew and screamed, or perched on their lofty peaks.

No words can give an adequate description, no pencil fully portray this scene of surpassing beauty; but when once seen it will for ever remain imprinted on the mind.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Never can you forget the hour when they burst upon your sight, when your soul was filled with a wild delight such as you had never before experienced. It becomes thenceforth a day to be marked with a white stone, a day from which all future events may be chronicled.

Through hundreds of these we passed, giving them a wide berth, unless when low lying. Our reason for so doing was because large pieces are often detached, thunder down their sides with a noise like small artillery, and should they come in contact with the vessel, would do immense damage, perhaps sink her. Others, when very equally poised, are overturned by the simple motion of the vessel. On such occasions the immense mass is seen to shake with some in-

ternal convulsion, rock and groan as if in torture, and rearing up from the deep blue waters, break into thousands of fragments, which dash the spray high into the air as they are scattered over the liquid element. Their danger is, however, much greater when there is a heavy gale, accompanied by a fog or heavy fall of snow, then every thing is obscured; you can only see a short distance ahead; you hear the huge masses roaring and crashing against each other: past you they fly with amazing velocity, heaving and rearing in mad fury, dripping with spray, and crowned with wreaths of vapour. The ship, tossed about like a shuttlecock, is dashed against the ice, or 'bumped' by the immense ice-blocks that threaten to drive in her strongly protected sides: while over all the wind howls through the rigging, the masts crack, the sailors shout, and all is a scene of wild and awful confusion.

As we neared the fishing ground all hands were engaged in getting the whaling tackle into trim. The hand harpoon is the original simple harpoon with barb and withers, having a wooden stock, seven feet in length, fastened to the socket, making the whole length nine or ten feet. A foregauger, or pliable rope, two and a half inches in circumference, and four or five fathoms in length, is attached to the shank, close against the socket, and also to the stock so as to keep it in its place. This is called 'in-spanning,' and the foregauger is said to be 'bent on.' It is made of the finest hemp, and is not tarred, but very pliable, so as not to impede the motion of the harpoon as it is thrown into the fish. The gun-harpoon has a double shank, in which a 'shackle,' made of iron wire, passes, and has free motion up and down between the two blades of the shank. The foregauger, which is fifteen fathoms long for the gun harpoon, is attached by one end to one ring of the shackle, while the other end is fastened to the whale-line by an eye being made in the extremity of each, and

passed through the other. The other end of the foregauger of the hand harpoon is also fastened by an eye to the same whale-line (in one boat); and as it cannot be detached, the hand harpoon is thrown into the water after the gun harpoon has attached itself to the whale, provided it also cannot be hove in. The lines, six for a boat, each one a hundred and twenty fathoms in length, and three inches in circumference, are coiled up in a case called the 'tub,' first in the 'fore-line' deck (an end several fathoms long, called the strayline, being left out to join with the lines of another boat if necessary), then into the 'afterline' deck, the end being fastened, as we have already said, by an eye to the foregaugers of the gun and hand harpoon. The lines are coiled very closely and carefully so as not to be liable to run foul when dragged out, those in the 'afterline' deck being run out first.

Through the ice we made our way by tacking, towing, or warping, and at last reached a large expanse of water, bounded on almost all sides by large fields of ice. This seemed to give the captain great satisfaction, for we had no sooner entered it than one of the officers was sent to the crow's nest to keep a good look out. It is in such places as these that whales are found in greatest abundance, because they can swim about and feed without interruption from smaller portions of ice. The vicinity of the large fields also affords them a ready, though by no means a safe retreat, as the whales, unable to breathe beneath a close extensive field of ice, are obliged to make their appearance above water, near some of the boats scattered about on the 'look out' along the margins of the fields.*

* The most extraordinary fishing ever brought from the Northern seas was made in such a place as we have described. This was in the year 1814 when Captain Souttar, of the Resolution, of Peterhead, killed 44 whales, yielding 29½ tons of oil (old measurement). In Peterhead there is a story current in reference to this voyage, which we

Nor were we disappointed in the expectations we had formed, for from the mast-head there soon came the welcome cry, "There she blows!"

"Where away?" roared the captain.

"Right ahead, sir!" replied the look out.

Instantly all was excitement on board, and at the cry of "All hands, ahoy!" every one rushed to his respective station.

"Boats ready! Lower away!" was the next order, and into the water three of them dropped with a splash. The men stretched to their oars with a will, each endeavouring to outstrip the other, and have the glory of putting the first harpoon into the whale. Meanwhile, the huge creature was drawing near to them, unconscious of the danger that menaced him. His head and enormous back were seen distinctly above the water. Slowly the mate's boat shot ahead, and it was evident that the honour

will give as we heard it from the lips of Captain Souttar's daughter.

Colonel Hutchison, to whom the greater part of the Resolution belonged, was a strict Episcopalian, and therefore believed in Good Friday. As Captain Souttar intended to leave Peterhead harbour that day and anchor in the bay, that the remainder of his stores might be conveyed on board, Colonel Hutchison gave him strict orders not to do so, remarking that it was Good Friday, and that he ought to have some respect for the day. Captain Souttar, who was a Presbyterian, dryly answered, that he did not consider any Friday better than another, and that if the tide suited him he would leave. Accordingly, when Colonel Hutchison stepped from St Peter's church, after morning service, his indignation was roused, on looking down Merchant Street, to see the Resolution slowly making her way from the harbour. In great anger he got a boat, boarded the vessel, and rated the captain soundly, finishing with the remark that he could not be successful after committing such an act of sacrilege. The end did not, however, justify his fear, for she returned, after a remarkable quick voyage, a 'bumper ship.'

In the early part of the season Souttar had left the other vessels at the fishing ground, and was not spoken by any of them until a ship belonging to Hull happened to enter the 'hole of water,' as he was flensing his last whale. The captain of this vessel carried a besom at the top of his mainmast, and for this reason generally went by the *soubriquet* of 'Besom.' When near the Resolution he hailed her and asked how many whales they had got. Captain Souttar, pausing between each figure replied "Four—four—four and forty!" "Bout ship!" cried the surprised captain—"They call me Besom, but they may call you Sweep Clean!"

of striking the first fish was to fall to the best harpooner on board. When near the whale, he stood up in the front of the boat, the barbed weapon in his hand, ready to thrust it deep into his body which moved slowly through the water. Cautiously was the boat rowed to his side, until it seemed to rise against the enormous animal, when the harpoon, discharged with great force, was seen to disappear over the hitches. "Stern all!" was the cry, when instantly every oar was backed, lest the boat should come into contact with his tail. A shudder ran through the creature's frame, and then, with a tremendous plunge, he went headlong into the sea, the line flying out with a velocity like that of lightning. Notwithstanding the harpooner had adroitly given the line a turn on the loggerhead, the friction, as it passed out, was so great, that one of the boat's crew had to bale water continually over it to prevent it catching fire. The least entanglement in the line while the whale was thus 'heading' would have either snapped it, or, more probably, dragged the boat and crew under the water. Sometimes also a hitch in the rope may catch any of the crew, when a leg or arm is torn off; and instances have been known of harpooners being jerked overboard so suddenly, that, though the men were looking at them at the time, they could scarcely distinguish what it was that disappeared. To provide against such accidents a hatchet is kept ready to cut the line should it become foul.

Down, still down, went the whale, dragging after him the line with such rapidity that they were afraid it would soon be run out. "Hoist an oar!" cried the mate. Instantly an oar went into the air as a signal to one of the other boats to bend their lines to ours. "Hoist another!" was the next order, as round the loggerhead went another coil of the line to check its course, and still it went whizzing out. Soon, however, one of the boats 'bent on' to ours, and away we

both went flying through the water which rushed over our prows in such quantities as to keep several men baling. This could not continue long, for the monster must soon come to the surface to breathe. A slack on the line made us aware of this, and hastily drawing it in, and carefully coiling it in the tubs at the bottom of the boat, we, along with the others, drew near to the whale, which had come to the surface and was hurriedly blowing jets of steam into the air.

Meanwhile, those on the deck of the vessel had not been idle, for as soon as the whale was struck, and the signal hoisted at the stern of the fast boat, there burst from the whole of the spectators the cry of "A fall! A fall!" and over the deck they rushed roaring and stamping like madmen. Instantly there was a rush on deck of those who were below, and as each mounted the hatchway with his bundle of clothes in his hands, he mechanically shouted "A fall! A fall!" Into the boats they crowded, dressing themselves by the way, or if they had not time for this, pulling to the fast boat in the state in which they were.

The whale had headed towards us, and when he rose was no great distance from the vessel. Onwards he came, dragging the boats after him as if they had been mere shells, and spouting into the air with a loud noise as if snorting in his wrath. He was evidently what the sailors call a 'tartar,' and would take some time to kill. Again he 'sounded,' and the boats from the vessel spread themselves over the water in positions where it was likely he would make his appearance. Soon a movement was seen like the wake of a vessel, and the whale rose near one of the boats, whose crew instantly rowed it close to the wounded creature, when the harpooner fixed another weapon in his side. Back went the boat, and not too soon, for the huge monster struck the water where it had been, raising a cloud of spray, that for a moment completely enveloped the boat. Down

he went again, and despite his having received two wounds and dragging three boats after him, he remained under water nearly fifteen minutes. Again did he come to the surface for air, and again was another harpoon fixed in his unwieldy carcase; after which he dived, but remained only a short time under water. He was evidently getting fagged, and the boats began to draw in their lines, and approach him as he made short dives, or skimmed along the surface, blowing or panting most furiously. At length he refused to dive, and then, like so many vultures, they drew near and attacked him with their lances. These are long, sharp spears, or pikes, which are thrust into his body, chiefly near the fins, where the skin is more tender, and where there is a chance of reaching his vitals. The effects of these assaults were soon visible, for, exhausted by loss of blood and numerous wounds, he began to show signs of dissolution, and the boats were removed to some distance, lest he should do any harm to them in his dying struggles. The agony of the huge monster was awful to behold, as he lashed the waves with his tail, making a noise that could be heard miles distant. Blood, not water, was projected in a thick spout from his blowhole, sprinkling the men in the boat, and staining the bright blue of the ocean, while in the mist that enveloped him, the sea birds screamed as if in anticipation of a rich feast. Gradually the convulsive movements became fewer, a deep sob, and then a shudder, running through his vast frame as he felt the approaching pangs of death. Slowly the huge mass heeled over and turned on his back, the ensanguined water contrasting strongly with the white of his stomach. Then, as he "showed the white," from each boat there came three loud shouts of acclamation, accompanied by waving of hats, that made the "welkin ring," and that awoke a thousand echoes among the icy caves formed by Nature's cunning artifice.

Tying the whale's fins together, and passing a strong rope through holes made in his tail, the boats, joining themselves together, slowly dragged their enormous prize towards the vessel. The sound of the oars, the voices of the sailors as they lightened their labours with a song, and the screams of the fulmars, burgomasters, snow-gulls, and kettiwakes, as they hovered around the huge carcase, or alighted upon it, formed a most extraordinary scene. As soon as the whale was brought alongside, ropes were attached to his tail and head, and the crew endeavoured to raise his body as much as possible from the water. By the utmost exertion they managed to raise it sufficiently high to allow the crew to commence operations, but before they did so they adjourned below for refreshments and a "dram," and to equip themselves for the flensing.

When they came again on deck, we could not have believed that that such a transformation could have been possible. Some were dressed in old bearskins, canvas suits that you would have been afraid to finger, tarpaulins of all shades of colour, and woollens, whose original piece it would have defied any one to have discovered. All except the captain and doctor were so arrayed, and it took us some time to recognise the various members of the crew in these outlandish dresses. Some wore long boots, having the soles armed with sharp spurs, to prevent them slipping off the fish as they were flensing. On to the huge carcase they stepped, the specksioneer taking the general superintendence, and directing how they should cut off the layers of blubber. By means of blubber-spades and knives they cut the fat in slices, and drew it off by means of the "speck tackle," as one would flay an animal. The blubber, in pieces of a ton or half a ton in weight, were received on board by certain of the crew, who cut it by means of chopping knives into smaller portions of about a foot in size, and

then passed it between decks, where it was stowed away into the barrels or tanks in the hold of the vessel.

After the fat was removed from the stomach, the fish was turned on one side and the same process continued. This showed the enormous mouth, tongue, and whalebone, ranged in layers along the roof of the upper jaw. Cutting away the lip, the tongue-knife was inserted, and the enormous mass, looking like a great bed of blubber was drawn out and deposited on deck. This gave us an excellent opportunity of studying the peculiar construction of the whale's mouth, and noting the adaptation of all its parts to the life of the animal.

The throat of the Greenland whale, unlike that of some others of the species, is very narrow, as his food consists of medusæ, water-flea or shrimp. On this account, it is provided with a curious contrivance, both for the purpose of catching its prey, and preventing anything from passing down its throat that would choke it. This is composed of a series of layers of whalebone in the upper jaw, laid over each other like the gills of a fish, not all of one size, but gradually rising from either end till they become longest in the centre. On the edge of those which overlap each other, are fibres of whalebone like the *down* of a feather, which retain all the animalculæ in the water that passes through his mouth. To give free passage to the water, the mouth of the whale has a semicircular shape, so that the water which enters at the snout or nose, and is filtered by the whalebone, again passes out at the corners of the mouth, without entering the stomach. By this means the whale can skim along the surface and feed open-mouthed; and to prevent any water from passing down his throat, he has the power of closing it at will. In this sieve or network of whalebone the animal is enabled to retain its food, and swallow it at its leisure.

After removing the whole of the

fat, bone and jawbones, the carcase, being let loose, floated away, surrounded by hundreds of sea fowl, and torn to pieces by the voracious sharks. These, hated most intensely by the sailors, were often struck at with their knives and spades, and some paid the penalty of their rashness with their lives. As for the birds, they seemed to have no fear of the men, for they settled on the body at no great distance from them, and tore away pieces of great size. The boys placed to keep them off, as well as to assist the flensers, took great delight in striking them with their boat-hooks, catching them with hooks baited with blubber, or tying a pair of them together by throwing a piece of ropeyarn with blubber at both ends into the flock. This being instantly gorged by two of them, into the air they would fly, dragging the yarn from each other's mouths and gobbling it down till it was again withdrawn. This would continue till the pair would disappear from our view. But over all the sea fowl that surrounded the vessel, the burgo-master reigned supreme. Above the multitude of other birds he hovered, as if disdaining their company, and, having selected the most dainty piece, would descend with great velocity, and carry it off on the wing—and woe to the fulmar, snowbird, or kittiwake, that would be so foolhardy as to dispute its possession with him.

From this whale we obtained about 20 tons of oil, and about half a ton of whalebone, which, at the rate of £40 per ton of oil, and £500 per ton of bone, gave us the handsome sum of £1300. All the sailors were in high spirits, and heeded not the disagreeable smell, nor the abominable condition of the vessel, while the whale was being flensed. The deck was so slippery that it was almost impossible to 'keep it,' and every part of the ship was so smeared with the oil that one had to be very careful against what he leaned. However, after everything was stowed away, all hands were set to clean her;

and after washing the impurities away, we were again in excellent trim, though there clung around us a strong blubberly aroma, which the captain declared was a very pleasant one—in a pecuniary point of view.

The next whale we struck escaped by the harpoon drawing, and the sailors returned to the vessel very much discouraged. Their spirits, however, were raised to the highest pitch of enjoyment two days afterwards, when they struck and captured a whale rather larger than the one they had formerly caught. The capture occupied us fully eight hours, and no less than six harpoons were fixed in his body. His death flurry was awful to witness, and as shudder after shudder permeated that enormous mass, we could not but feel pity for the unoffending creature that could have so easily annihilated his persevering foes. His last act was to dive headlong to the bottom, throwing up his tail magnificently, whence he arose, in a very short time, dead.

About the end of the fishing season we very nearly lost a boat's crew that had been some distance from the vessel on the look-out for whales. They were overtaken by a heavy fall of snow which hid the vessel from their sight, and though they made for her as quickly as possible, they could not find her. In this dilemma they pulled about in different directions only removing themselves farther from the vessel which had been driven by a strong breeze of wind a considerable distance from where they had seen her. For hours they continued rowing about in a sea that was increasing in roughness, and as each hour brought no hope of finding her, despair began to seize on their minds. The force of the wind, and the violence of the sea, at last compelled them to take to the ice, and drawing up their boat, they cowered down under the shelter of it. Soon that peculiar numbness, indicative of approaching death, began to seize upon some of the Shetlanders, and it was with the

greatest difficulty that the boat-steerer could get them to rise and move about. They expressed a strong desire to sleep, and, notwithstanding that it was the precursor of the sleep of death, they lay down and compelled the others to resort to extreme means to rouse them. During any lull in the storm or clearness of the sky every eye was strained in the hope of seeing the vessel, and every sound was listened to with the greatest anxiety, as they knew that guns would be occasionally fired to guide them towards her. Still, hour after hour passed away, and even the most hardy began to succumb to the continued exposure, when the storm cleared away as suddenly as it came on, and their eyes were greeted by the welcome sight of their vessel some three or four miles distant. Their flag was soon descried, and after ten hours' exposure in an intensely cold atmosphere, they were received on board, where they were made to run about the decks until a glow of heat had been diffused over their bodies, before they were allowed to go below.

Very many instances could be given of boats' crews being lost altogether during these sudden and dense snow-storms that are so common in those high latitudes. Scoresby relates a melancholy instance of the loss of four boats' crews (20 men in all) belonging to the Ipswich, who were hauling in the lines on a piece of ice at no distance from the vessel. While thus employed a storm came on, and the ship was drifted out of their sight, and notwithstanding every effort made to discover them, they were never seen. Not later than two years ago the *Active*, of Peterhead, lost two boats' crews in a similar manner. And yet not less remarkable are the providential rescues of some of these after a continued exposure, which would kill any one not accustomed to those regions. Scoresby, the elder, picked up two of his boats' crews after they had been on the ice, in a severe storm, for nearly forty hours; and the

Trafalgar, of Hull, rescued five of her crew that had been left on a piece of ice for twelve hours, with the waves almost continually washing over them. We remember Captain Manson, of Peterhead, telling us that he picked up two boats' crews in a very exhausted state, that had been separated from their vessel, which, not hearing of them, gave them up for lost, and set sail for home. Being the last vessel to leave the country, Captain Manson's boat was completely besieged by an excited multitude when he landed at Lerwick, and when the welcome news was spread that they were all saved, the people were so overjoyed, that, despite his earnest protest, they carried him shoulder high through the streets of Lerwick.

When we first came to Greenland we were very much surprised at the gloomy aspect of the sky, and the brilliant appearance of the stars. The former was caused by the small amount of vapour in the air giving it a blackness unknown in this country, and making the stars and planets sparkle like diamonds against the coal-like heavens. During the winter the darkness is most intense, and yet the moon makes up in some measure for the want of sunshine, or after an absence of thirteen or fourteen days she re-appears, and gradually rising in the heavens continues to shine, without ever setting, for about fourteen or fifteen days. In her course she never assumes the form of a crescent, and does not cross the sky from east to west, but travels round it in that direction once every twenty-four hours. As the sun begins to show himself, a bright twilight appears along the horizon, which also travels round the heavens in the same direction, the stars shining in the opposite part as we often see them in this country before his rising or setting. Gradually his disc begins to appear above the horizon, which, as the season advances, increases in size, until, in the middle of May, the whole circle is above the horizon.

This sight, so novel, so unusual, is sure to attract the attention. You see the orb descending, and, instead of disappearing altogether, dipping his edge in the northern seas, and then, as if with hesitating steps, slowly mounting up unto high heaven, filling your soul with a joy and awe, such as you never before experienced. Then, for months uninterrupted sunshine prevails, and the Arctic night takes the place of the Arctic day. Time, which has been divided by us into day and night, becomes here a misnomer, and it is often a subject of wonder to the sailors, whether they have arrived at 12 o'clock at night or 12 o'clock at mid-day.

Towards the end of the voyage some of the phenomena of unequal refraction were very curious and deserving of notice. They usually took place in the evening, after a clear day, and were, no doubt, caused by the commingling of currents of air of different temperature. Then any object at a distance would appear higher and narrower, or longer and lower, as the case may be; ships being sometimes raised up into the air or lengthened out like a serpent. The ice also assumed most curious shapes, appearing like cascades, obelisks, spires, &c., and so like reality were they, that people acquainted with the phenomena were often deceived. These constantly changed according as the current of air was denser or rarer than the preceding. Castles, lofty spires, towers and battlements, would, in a short time, turn into mighty arches hanging in mid-air, which would again change into basaltic columns as beautiful and perfect as those of Staffa. When any vessels were near, they assumed often very fantastic forms, the hull being in some instances elongated or elevated to an enormous height, the lower masts lengthened to an extent almost equal to the whole, while the topmasts and sails attached would be contracted in a most extraordinary manner. Sometimes also the inverted images of

ships would be distinctly seen in the air, and on some rare occasions, where they were really beyond the horizon, two, and sometimes three, distinct images of the same vessel, each of less brilliancy than the preceding, would be seen above her, every one, of course, in a different stratum of air. These images were often very distant, and sometimes required the aid of the telescope to clearly make them out, and from calculations made at the time there was not the least doubt that all the vessels were far beyond the visible horizon.

A remarkable instance of this kind, where the ship was recognised from her inverted image in the air is given by Scoresby. The day had been remarkably fine, and the atmosphere in consequence in a highly refractive state. A great many curious appearances were presented by the land and icebergs, but that which principally attracted his attention, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky—she being entirely beyond the horizon. In this case the image was perfect, and so extremely well defined, that when examined by a telescope, he could distinguish every sail, the general 'rig of the ship,' and her particular character, so that he unhesitatingly pronounced her to be his father's ship, the *Fame*. On comparing note with him afterwards, he found that his conjecture was quite correct, and that their distance from each other was very nearly thirty miles—about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision.

We occasionally saw mock-suns, but these were completely thrown into the shade by the magnificent *Aurora Borealis* that burst upon us shortly before leaving the country. Its rays shot to every quarter of the heavens, lighting up the surrounding scene with a brilliancy that was almost dazzling; and tinting everything with various shades of golden, violet, purple, or rose. From the base near the horizon, the rays would shoot upwards to the zenith, like the teeth of a comb,

leaping higher and higher at each effort, until they would seem to meet at the centre, when they would suddenly disappear to reappear with undiminished brilliancy. Occasionally concentric circles will be formed in the heavens, from each of which would shoot rays, forming an appearance not unlike a tiara. Sometimes the rays would be like long, bright, tremulous fleecy clouds, frequently changing their position and appearance, like dust blown in eddies by the wind; and as they diminished in brilliancy the concentric circles gradually faded away, the light became faint and intermittent, and in a short time entirely disappeared. On another occasion an arch of light appeared spanning the heavens directly overhead. It commences in the north east, gradually extending and expanding till it reached the zenith, where it attained its maximum breadth. From this it extended to the opposite horizon, the whole being one luminous white streak which contrasted remarkably with the deep dark blue of the sky. It was entirely transparent throughout, and for volume and power of light far exceeded any single streamer of the *Aurora Borealis*. The night being cloudless, its singular beauty and grandeur were very clearly defined, and as we gazed upon it we thought that it seemed like a heavenly pathway, a ladder like that Jacob saw, shedding its brilliant light across the land, and "right onward to the golden gates of heaven."

We had frequently seen and killed bears during the voyage, and some ludicrous incidents had also happened with the more adventurous of the crew. One seeing a bear at some distance crept quietly to a hummock of ice that intervened between him and the animal with the intention of shooting it from that point. Having got there after a good deal of trouble, he cautiously raised his head to get a view of the animal, when he was unexpectedly confronted by a bear that had been resting on the other side of the hum-

mock, and which had simultaneously looked up to see what was the matter. The loud growl and glaring red eyes within arm's length of his head, so dismayed the sailor, that without taking aim he shoved forward the gun, and fired the contents into the bear's face, which, uttering a hideous howl, made off as quickly as possible. But the most laughable incident of all was the capture of an enormous animal that had prowled about the vessel for some days and prevented any one from going any distance from her. The captain, unwilling to shoot, determined, if possible, to capture him, and knowing it would be impossible, or at least very dangerous to do so on the ice, enticed him into the water, by making a boat pull to the edge of the ice on which he was, and provoke him to follow. As soon as he had done so, another boat came in his wake, and after a good deal of trouble succeeded in getting a noose thrown over his hind legs. Drawing this tight they began to pull him after them, but finding that this was not so easy a task, some of the other boats 'bent on' to the fast one, and Bruin was treated to a retrograde motion through the water quite new to him. Instead of following the boats he now used the utmost exertions to get clear of them, but the sailors pulling with a will, amidst peals of laughter, and the roars of the infuriated brute, churning the sea around him into foam with his enormous paws, slowly dragged him in the direction of the vessel. After a hard but pleasant pull, Bruin was brought alongside, and having managed to throw a strong chain around him, they hoisted him into the air, where he was left to dangle and roar to his heart's content, until they had prepared a strong cask for his reception. It was a most ludicrous sight to see the poor animal hanging in the mid-air, waving his paws, and emitting loud howls in his impotent rage. Knocking out the head of a very large cask, and making a small hole in the other end, they

drew the chain attached to his hind legs through the latter, and, spite of his utmost exertions, drew him into it. Fastening the chain to the windlass, they pulled him close to the bottom of the cask until they had secured it with strong chains. When this was done, they slackened those around him, from which he soon disengaged himself, and began to move about his den, tearing at the bars that prevented his escape, and roaring in a most furious manner. Finding, however, his attempts fruitless, he at last desisted, became more docile, and thankfully received the blubber that was handed him by his keepers. This bear, one of the largest that was ever brought to this country, now graces a zoological garden on the Continent, where he slowly, and in that solemn manner peculiar to his species, moves round his den, or pushes himself gradually into the water, perhaps now and then thinking of his icy home where he used to roam in perfect freedom and feast at will on the dainty seal.

Many stories were told us of bears and of their attacks upon man, but one that happened a few years before, seemed to us so very extraordinary, that, had it not been well authenticated, we would not have believed it. It was to the following effect:—The chief officer of one of the Peterhead Sealers, which had come upon an immense body of seals and was 'full ship' in an incredibly short time, paid a visit to the men who were flensing the last of them at a considerable distance from the vessel. Having seen that all was right, he took a near cut to the ship, but while threading his way through a number of hummocks that were in his route, he lost his way and encountered a couple of bears that seemed determined to dispute the passage with him. Not having his gun, nor any other weapon but his flensing knife, he came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour, and therefore beat a rather hasty retreat. The bears, however, followed, and though he

tried to elude them in various ways, and even killing seals, threw their blubber to them, they perseveringly dogged his steps, and at last so hemmed him in amongst hummocks that there was no way of escape but by facing his determined foes. Fortunately they had gorged themselves with the seals that were scattered in great numbers over the ice, so that an immediate attack was not so much to be dreaded as the dreadful idea of their detaining him there to become their prey, after they had recovered from their surfeit. The first horror and stupor caused by his awful position having worn off, the desire of self-preservation became predominant, and creeping cautiously away, he had considerably increased his distance from them, and begun to ascend one of the hummocks, when a warning growl and the wild glare of their red eyes frightened him from repeating the attempt. In this dilemma he continued for some time, at a loss what to do, feeling that his chances of escape were very few, as he was completely out of the course of the crew, and had informed none of them of his intention of taking a short cut to the vessel. Beginning to shiver through cold and fear, he took the precaution of flensing some of the seals that lay around, and throwing the blubber in the direction of the bears, wrapped himself in the warm skins. Walking backwards and forwards in the small spot allotted to him, hope began to die away in his breast as hour after hour passed away, and the arctic sun began to decline. Occasionally the distant reports of the guns fired at intervals by the vessel to inform him of their position, would break on his ear, as if to tantalise him, while his half-sleeping but indefatigable guards would utter a hollow growl as if to warn him of the danger of shouting in return. Night—if night it can be called when the sun never sinks beneath the horizon—thus passed away, no sleep visiting his eyes, no repose recruiting his exhausted frame. Another day came, and still were those huge

monsters keeping watch, still were those blood-coloured eyes gleaming upon him, as if mocking him in his impotence. Slowly the hours in which the full bitterness of a violent death was tasted crept on, slowly the sun arose in the heavens, greatly elongating with his slanting rays the shadows of the hummocks that jutted up on every side from their sunny bases, and still no signs of escape, still nothing to relieve the dreadful feelings that preyed on his mind. The only thing in which he occupied himself, but which did not in any way distract his attention from his fearful situation, was the feeding of the gorged brutes that kept such vigilant watch over him. He knew if they recovered from their surfeit that his life would be sacrificed, so he kept supplying them with as much blubber as he could find. The pangs of hunger compelled him also to follow their example, and towards the end of the second day he gnawed with a keen relish some of the blubber with which he was feeding his persistent enemies. Often during the second night did he feel inclined to lie down, and give himself up to a sleep which would soon remove all apprehension, rather than continue in such living torture, but his better feelings, his love of life, prevailed, and he aroused himself, determined to fight the battle nobly to the end. So passed the second night, and in such a frame of mind did the next morning find him. There still lay his persevering foes, their heads between their forepaws, and their heavy breathings heard in the clear frosty air. For some time no warning growls had come, when the sound of the gun was heard, and as the light increased, he watched with intense eagerness for those wild eyes that had so long glared upon him. They were not to be seen; and his heart bounded with a wild delight as the truth flashed upon him that they were in the deep lethargic sleep that follows a heavy surfeit. With the greatest caution crept he past them, the

snow scarcely crunching beneath his feet, gradually increasing his walk into such a run as his stiff limbs would allow. He repeatedly tried to shout, but found that his voice was almost gone, and that it was only a waste of his remaining strength. In the direction of the sound of the guns he hurried, scarcely looking if he were pursued, and after travelling a considerable distance descried, on the other side of a large berg, the topsails of his vessel braced for departure. Frantic with excitement and fear lest he should now lose her after he had made his escape, he pushed forward with greater speed, and turning a wall of ice which lay between him and the clear water, saw his own ship in full sail for home. While gesticulating on the edge of the ice he was perceived by the captain, and received on board, where he with difficulty managed to inform them of his peculiar position, for his voice was completely gone through his continued exposure to the intense cold, and it was many months before he thoroughly recovered. All hands had given him up for lost, search having been made for him in every quarter where they considered it likely he could have been, and it was only when that morning came, and hope of his recovery seemed vain, that the captain with reluctance gave the order to sail for home.

As the season was now far advanced, and there seemed little prospect of our capturing any more whales, the captain determined to leave the country. This order seemed to have an electrical effect on all, and we could hardly analyse the feelings of intense pleasure which were generated in us by it. Though we had not made a remarkably good voyage—about 80 tons—yet everyone seemed delighted with the idea of soon seeing parents, wife, or sweetheart, and with evident relish turned the ship's head homeward. Never shall we forget our last night among the icebergs. It was clear and beautiful, the full

moon shining with a brilliancy unknown in the country, throwing her silvery light on the winking waters, and showing us our way past the icebergs. The stern and cold magnificence of the scene as "ice mast-high came floating by," baffled all powers of description; and we must acknowledge that we passed from the view of those mighty masses of nature's handiwork with great regret, feeling almost certain that we were looking upon a sight such as we might never, never see again. In awe and silence we watched them disappear into the gloom of distance, and turning round, felt a load, an unnatural pressure which had weighed down our spirits whenever we came amongst them, removed from our mind. We knew that the dangers which momentarily awaited us while threading our way through those treacherous masses, were now over, and that the anxiety which weighed down our spirits, and in many cases paralysed our exertions, had with them disappeared; and in their place had come the intense delight of bounding over the waves in full sail, enjoying the feeling of comparative security. Onwards, still onwards did we glide, nearer, still nearer did we draw to our native land, while over the water, as if to remind and intensify our longing for it, there was wafted the pleasant perfume of heather or meadow hay, though we were as yet hundreds of miles from land. Shetland was soon sighted and our men landed, and after a sail of two days, in the grey dawn, as the streaks of the morning sun began to shoot from the ocean, we came in sight of Peterhead. The tide being favourable, our pilot took us at once into the harbour, and after being safely moored, we leapt on shore, and felt that peculiar sensation on touching the solid land which only those can experience who have spent days, weeks, or months on board a ship that has not been for one moment stationary beneath him.

SHOT AND SHIELDS.

DURING the last twenty years a very rapid advance has taken place in a knowledge of the physical sciences, whilst art and invention have made vast strides during double that period. The art of war alone remained almost in a stationary condition, and in this age of advancement, to remain stationary is, by comparison, to retrograde.

The long European peace was undoubtedly the cause of this imperfect development in the art of war, and hence, as England during the last ten years has had a succession of trials of arms, the science of war has necessarily progressed, and is now more on an equality with other arts than it was in 1850; for at that date our weapons and modes of defence were almost identical with those used in the Peninsula, and which were also similar to those employed two hundred years past.

The introduction into the service of rifled ordnance has induced the majority of the public to believe that some entirely new facts have been lately discovered in connection with "projectiles." Such a conclusion, however, is erroneous; for the same principles which influenced the stone flung from the sling of David, or the arrows discharged by our archers at Agincourt, also affect the flight of roundshot, shells, and elongated cannon-shot.

The general construction and principle of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns is now so generally known (one the former being exhibited in the Exhibition of 1862) that we shall confine ourselves in the first portion of this article to an explanation of those principles and laws which affect the flight, and, hence, the range and penetration of the various projectiles now in use.

We will suppose that we have before us a common smooth bore cannon, which can be loaded at the muzzle. Into the extremity of the

bore of this, a charge of gunpowder is rammed, which charge occupies a space of, we will say, 10 cubic inches. In the front of this charge of powder a solid iron shot is placed, weighing, we will suppose, 40 pounds. We then have a cannon "loaded."

The 10 cubic inches of gunpowder are then "fired" by means of a tube containing powder, which acts on the charge through the vent of the piece. The 10 cubic inches of solid gunpowder are, upon being ignited, converted into about 3,000 times their bulk of gas, and this expansion takes place with an almost irresistible force, hence the gas forces itself out where there is the least resistance, which is of course in the direction of the bore of the gun. The shot placed in front of the powder is forced out in front of this gas, and we thus have a cannon shot in the first stage of its career.

Before we follow the shot during its motion, we will return to the gunpowder and speak of some of its peculiarities.

We have stated that each cubic inch of powder becomes upon explosion about 3,000 cubic inches of gas, but this change is not effected instantly. Some time is occupied in the ignition of the whole charge, which explodes successively although rapidly; thus in a charge of 10 pounds some interval of time elapses, during which the charge is exploding. The shot, therefore, may have moved entirely clear of the muzzle of the gun before the whole of the gunpowder has become converted into gas. Besides which some of the powder is usually blown out of the gun and falls in front without igniting; we should therefore imagine that the more quickly the powder is converted into gas, the more rapid would be the passage of the shot upon leaving the muzzle of the gun. Thus, if one cubic inch of powder

were converted into 3,000 cubic inches of gas in one second of time, a shot meeting no resistance in the bore of the gun would leave the muzzle at the rate of nearly 3,000 feet per second, whilst if the same amount of gas were generated in only two seconds, the shot would leave the muzzle at merely half the previously named speed.

The rate at which a shot travels when it leaves the muzzle of a gun is termed its "*initial velocity*;" whilst the weight of the shot in pounds, multiplied by its velocity, is termed the "*momentum*." Hence a 40-pound shot, travelling at the rate of 1,000 feet per second, would be said to have a "*momentum*" of 40,000 pounds.

We have then a shot projected from the muzzle of a gun at a certain speed: this travelling shot immediately meets with two opponents to its progress: the first is the air that we breathe, which has a great objection to rapidly-moving bodies and does its best to stop them; for the air opposes the motion of a shot, just as water prevents us from using a stick as freely as in the air, and the more rapidly the shot moves the more opposition does the air offer. If, therefore, a round shot had an *initial velocity* of 2,000 feet per second, the air would so rapidly reduce this speed that at 1,000 yards from the muzzle the shot would have little more than half that velocity.

There is, however, a sort of competition between the air and the travelling shot which may be explained simply as follows:

The larger the surface of the shot which has to force its way through the air, the greater will be the resistance; but, in opposition to this, the heavier the shot the greater will be its power to force itself onwards. If, then, a shot be increased in diameter, its weight increases much more rapidly in proportion than the area upon which the air can act; therefore the larger the shot, of a certain density, the longer will it maintain a high velocity. Bearing this fact in mind, we can at once advance to the consideration of the

best form of shot to obtain a long range; if we can throw an elongated projectile which exposes only a small area to the resistance of the air, and yet weighs very much more than a round shot of equal diameter, we at once enable the shot to get the better of the air in its short but eventful career, and this form is one of the causes of the long range obtained by the Armstrong, Whitworth, and other similar arms.

As an illustration of the preceding, we will suppose that we had three guns exactly similar in all respects, each loaded with 10 pounds of powder, but in No. 1 we had a hollow shot or shell, which would of course be light; in No. 2 a solid round shot, and in No. 3 an elongated solid shot. Upon firing these three guns at the same instant, the shell would reach the distance of 500 yards from the guns long before the solid shot, which would again have outsped the elongated projectile. At about 1,500 yards the race would be much closer, and at 2,000 yards the elongated shot would most probably be either first, or gaining rapidly upon the round shot, whilst the shell would have fallen to the ground. Each of these three shots would have had the same momentum on leaving the muzzle, whilst, as they were of different weights, their initial velocity must of course have varied.

The other opponent to the movement of a shot, is the well known force called "gravity."

If we stood upon a coast battery, and some feet above the sea, a shot dropped by us would fall into the water at the end of some portion of time, say a second; so also a common shot fired perfectly horizontally would fall the same number of feet in the same time. If the shot, therefore, were fired from the same height above the sea, and travelled 2,000 feet during one second, it would strike the water at that distance from the fort; but, if it moved at only 1,000 feet per second, then the shot would fall into the water at 1,000 feet from the muzzle. The

increase of rate at which the shot falls is very rapid; for, if we wished to strike a mark at sea, distant one mile, we should have to point the gun at a spot, about 400 feet above it—the shot would fall that distance during its flight. Thus actual velocity in a shot is the second great necessity.

The advantages in the two before-named particulars are divided between the elongated shot and rifled cannon, and the round shot and smooth bore. The first possesses the small area for resistance and the heavy projectile, the latter the high initial velocity. The first may be described as the heavy shot, propelled with the small charge of powder, and the latter as the light shot, fired with heavy charge. At starting, therefore, the light shot and heavy charge have a great advantage over the elongated projectile; but before each had travelled very far, the initial velocity of the former would have so much decreased that it would have been passed by its slower rival, the rate of which would have remained uniform.

These are elementary principles connected with the flight of projectiles which have been long known to all who have investigated the subject; the great difficulty formerly experienced being to construct a gun strong enough to withstand the force of the discharge when an elongated projectile was used; for a heavy inert force being in front of the powder would necessarily oblige the gun intended to throw long shot to withstand a heavier strain than if a round shot were used. The coil principle, however, has solved this problem.

We thus have two descriptions of missiles, one of which travels a short distance with great speed, which it soon loses, the other ranges to great distances with a moderate speed. That this question of speed, or velocity, as it is properly termed, is a very important one will be seen when we examine the question connected with shields; but one more inquiry, and we will commence that subject.

Are we compelled to fire elongated shot with small charges of powder, and hence with low initial velocities? is an important question.

When we consider the principle of a rifled gun, and find that the shot has, by a mechanical arrangement, to be forced round in its passage out of the gun, we at once see that an addition of speed in the shot must cause a vast increase to the strain on the gun; and, as the recoil of the gun and carriage would be considerably augmented if we increased the initial velocity, we cannot but consider that a very narrow margin remains for higher velocities with elongated projectiles.

Having thus briefly referred to the principles connected with the rival projectiles, we will next consider their effects upon the shields lately brought in opposition to them.

During the last few years ideas connected with iron plating or shields have taken a tangible form, and a valuable series of experiments have been undertaken for the purpose of testing the power which iron plates possessed to resist the various projectiles brought against them.

Not only as a protection against cannon, but also against bullets, iron plates, or shields of other descriptions, have been at various times either suggested or employed. Mantelets made of stout rope were used by the Russians during the Crimean war to protect their embrasures against Enfield bullets, and it was suggested some years ago that field artillery might be in a measure defended against rifles if iron shields, supported on wheels, were driven forward before the guns, and placed in such positions as to afford a shelter to the gunners when in action.

No sooner was the practicability of coating ships in armour proved to the satisfaction of the Government, than a committee of experienced officers was formed, who were directed to carry on experiments for the purpose of testing

the relative powers of guns and iron plates.

It was very soon proved that the problem to be solved was simply a relative one between iron or steel in motion, and the same substances at rest, and to test the various effects resulting from increase of weight and velocity in the moving body.

Artillerists had long been aware that the greatest effects produced on strong timber targets, or upon the sides of a ship, had been effected by a large heavy shot propelled with a slow velocity; that is, to a shot capable of being propelled through the air at a rate of 1,600 feet per second, a velocity of only 800 or 900 was given. The result was that, instead of the ball cutting a clean hole through a ship's side, which effect occurred with a high velocity, the planks and beams comprising the vessel's side were (by the same shot with a low velocity) broken, splintered, and displaced, and in many instances totally carried away.

One of the first questions to decide, therefore, was whether the same results would occur to iron plates; for, if such should be the case, then we were provided with the exact description of weapon for producing the greatest destructive effects; for one of the peculiarities of the Armstrong gun—and, in fact, all rifled guns that throw an elongated projectile—is that the shot travels with a low velocity, maintained, however, nearly uniformly to considerable ranges.

Experiments are, by some people, considered most powerful as arguments for or against any theories or suppositions, but so difficult is it to invariably obtain in an experiment the exact conditions which are certain to occur in practice, that there is a certain intuitive scepticism, in the minds of the majority of people, when they are informed that certain conclusions have been arrived at in consequence of experiments carried on even under the superintendence of the most able men. Hence the few hours combat between the Merri-

mac, the Monitor, and their opponents, produced more discussion and conviction, and were considered far more important, than all the experiments carried on at Shoeburyness during the last three years, although no single fact occurred during the engagements in which those vessels were employed, which had not long since been well known to those officials and professionals who had been most interested in the trials of shot *versus* shields, and whose constant supervision must have given them some considerable insight into the real merits of the case.

Some of the earliest trials upon iron shields tended to show that the shot had by far the best of the encounter.

Wrought-iron plates, of one inch and a quarter and one inch and a half in thickness, were fired at with an Armstrong 6-pounder, and in almost every instance were either penetrated or broken; the range, however, was short, being only 100 yards, and the projectile used being a solid shot.

Two and half-inch wrought iron plates were also either fractured or penetrated by an Armstrong 25-pounder solid shot at the same range.

Three inch wrought iron plates stood no better chance against a 40-pounder Armstrong solid shot, which cracked and broke these solid shields as a stone will smash plate glass.

The plates attached to a vessel's sides are fastened by bolts, which appear to be the weak points in the plates; for it is from the holes formed by the bolts that the cracks in the plates most commonly commence; hence endeavours have been made to do away with the bolts, and to substitute some other method for fastening.

The combination of iron and timber composing the target representing the side of the Warrior, and hence termed the "Warrior Target," withstood the attacks of the Armstrong guns as well as those of the 68-pounder; but it

was evident to every practical man that if a 24-pounder Armstrong gun could smash a three or two inch iron plate, then it would merely require a 240-pounder, with a corresponding increase of velocity, to smash a five, six, or even a seven-inch iron plate. If, therefore, a 24-inch plate could be by any possibility attached to the side of a ship, then a 2,400-pounder shot would as undoubtedly break or penetrate the side of such a vessel.

The point to be first considered, therefore, was what must be the limits (if any) to the size of the gun to be employed against iron-clad vessels, and as machinery could be made use of for the purpose of moving the gun, and training it on its target, also for raising the shot and pressing it down the bore (if the gun should be a muzzle-loader), it was evident that we might employ guns of a very large size and yet obtain efficiency—in fact, weapons of enormous dimensions must be used in order to produce any damage upon a well-clad iron-cased ship.

When, then, nervous gentlemen or superficial reasoners, having read the accounts of the naval engagements in America, seize their pens and announce to some million readers of the daily papers, that little now remains for England to do, save to make arrangements for ransoming her dockyards and arsenals; there is a pleasure in being behind the scenes, and in knowing that, had the famed Merrimac or Monitor ventured within three or four hundred yards of Southsea Castle, they could have been penetrated, shot after shot, by our 68-pounders, and could have been sunk in five minutes by the 150-pound round shot from Armstrong's 300-pounder.

It had been ascertained very early in the experiments, that to produce effects upon the thick iron plates, a shot must be used which would travel with great speed; hence the most efficient service gun was the 68-pounder, which invariably produced more damage on the shields than the

110-pounder Armstrong. When, then, Sir William Armstrong produced a very large gun, which was constructed on the coil principle, and which, therefore, would withstand the effects of a heavy charge of powder, it was evident that a high velocity could be given to a large shot, and that at short ranges the results would be highly satisfactory.

Actual experiments soon showed that, long as the Warrior target had defied the missiles of the gunner, it was at last fated to succumb, for the first shot fired from this gun, weighing 156 pounds, passed through the iron plates, which it broke into fragments, and buried itself in the teak behind, which it ripped and tore considerably. The following shots also penetrated the iron shields, and when 50 pounds of powder were used, the shots passed through the plates, and the greater portion of the backing, even more easily than before.

The announcement of these experiments produced, as might be expected, the greatest surprise and interest. Gunners once more held up their heads, and iron-sides occupied a secondary position. Timid and desponding men began to believe it possible that Portsmouth might not be entirely lost just yet, but was merely in extreme peril; and enthusiasts believed the question of the advantage or disadvantage of iron-cased ships was at once disposed of; whilst more practical men saw that it was advisable to at once carry out those suggestions which had been proved necessary from the experiments above recorded.

We will now briefly take a summary of the results likely to occur from the changes in the means of offence and defence connected with ships and guns:

One of the most disastrous missiles against wooden ships was the shell, which burst either on striking the ship, or upon passing between the decks. The damage done by these flying magazines was enormous, a score or more men having been either killed or disabled be-

tween decks, in consequence of the bursting of a shell. The iron plates on most ships will effectually keep out shells, and thus a most destructive agent is prevented from taking part in naval engagements.

A heavy gun, such as that lately employed at Shoeburyness, can throw a shot which will penetrate the sides of any iron-cased ship, but the distance at which it will perform this feat is another question, and is one which remains to be proved. The experiment at Shoeburyness merely showed what could be done at 2,000 yards, and this is very close quarters. It is very probable that at 1,000 yards the heavy shot of 156 lbs. would have lost so much of its velocity, that instead of striking the ship's side with a speed of 1,500 or 1,600 feet per second, it would not be moving through the air at a greater rate than 900 or 1,000, and under these conditions we might expect the imperfect bolts to be started, but should scarcely hope to see the plates themselves either penetrated or broken. The cause of the great loss of velocity in the round shot will be understood, if the reader will bear in mind the remarks in connection with elongated and spherical projectiles. Hence we find that although vulnerable at close quarters, yet it is more than probable that at 1,000 yards such a ship as the *Warrior* would most probably be shot-proof, even if assailed by weapons as powerful as the last production of Sir W. Armstrong.

The relative powers of ships and coast batteries have varied but little by the introduction of ships in armour. A fort being a permanent building, standing on a foundation, can be protected by iron plates of any thickness, and can be armed with any number of the heaviest guns. A ship, however, cannot carry iron plates beyond a certain thickness, nor guns beyond a certain weight. The fort, therefore, can be practically invulnerable, and armed with the heaviest weapons, whilst the ship must to some extent be liable to

injury. The gunners in the fort also would know their range to a nicety, and would have a steady platform from which to fire, whilst those in the ship would not know their range accurately; and owing to the motion of the vessel, could not have a completely steady platform. The advantage, therefore, would undoubtedly be on the side of the fort.

As far as experimental facts have at present guided us, it seems that were two iron-cased ships to fire at one another at a greater distance than 300 or 400 yards it would merely be a waste of ammunition, as neither vessel would receive any damage; whilst if a wooden ship, or one unprotected by iron plates, were to attempt to engage a vessel in armour, it would be as reckless as for a page of old, in silken doublet, to have entered the lists against a knight in complete steel.

From the opinions expressed in the papers it seemed that the greater part of the public were under the impression that the engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, showed that ships in armour were entirely invulnerable—such never was nor never will be the case. No ship can float with such iron shields on her as are really proof against the guns which can now be constructed. There is, however, something more yet to be accomplished, and it is this something which is now occupying the attention of practical men.

Iron shields can be penetrated only by a projectile which has a very great velocity, and it is found that the round shot lose this velocity very quickly; the problem, therefore, is to construct a gun which will throw a shot with a high velocity, and of such a form that it will maintain this for a long time.

It is known that air will rush into a vacuum at the rate of about 1,300 feet per second, and it seems that when a shot starts at a greater speed than this its rate is soon reduced. How, then, can we secure a greater velocity in our shots up

to 1,000 or 2,000 yards? It is known that an elongated shot maintains its velocity much better than a ball, and therefore, if an elongated projectile could be fired with a very high *initial* velocity—that is, with a high velocity at the instant of leaving the muzzle of the gun—it would maintain this much longer than would a ball of similar weight; but there are several difficulties in connection with giving this high initial velocity.

In the first place, all elongated projectiles must be fired from rifled guns, or they will not pass through the air, with one end always first, but would turn over and over, and hence would have only a short range. When a shot passes out of the bore of a rifled gun it has of course to turn round in its passage, and this turning produces a great strain on the gun, and the higher the velocity with which the shot travels, the greater will be the strain; hence to fire an elongated projectile with a very high velocity out of a rifled gun, would require a gun of extraordinary strength. By reducing the rate of rotation in the shot some portion of the strain produced by an increase of velocity would be done away with, but there would still remain a very dangerous balance.

The recoil of the gun would also be very great; and thus for a comparatively small elongated projectile, we should require a gun strong enough to project a very large spherical shot, which might probably be for all general purposes a better weapon. The gun has yet to be constructed which will possess those qualifications most useful against armour ships, which are undoubtedly the following:—It must not be of such a size that it is unwieldy, yet it must be capable of throwing a heavy projectile. Its power to withstand a very heavy charge of powder must be almost unlimited. And it is a question whether it would not be an advantage if the gun were capable of throwing either an elongated or a spherical projectile, for the one might try the strength

of iron plates at long ranges, whilst the other would penetrate them at short distances.

The shot itself, if of cast-iron, is found to fracture in almost every instance when it strikes a thick iron plate; wrought-iron shot are therefore advisable, as their power to penetrate iron plates is much greater; in fact, the excess of hardness and cohesion possessed by one body over another, is intimately connected with the power of penetration. A steel bolt, for example, would be much more likely to penetrate an oak door than would a wax candle, and a wrought-iron shot, for the same reason, would be more efficient than one of cast-iron against iron or steel plates.

If the wrought-iron shields be inclined at a considerable angle, it is found that the shot which strike them will glance off, but then the effect is principally produced upon the bolts that hold the plates to the timbers. To construct a ship so that only very inclined plates should be exposed to the fire of guns, would entail a very low vessel, one which could not be very seaworthy, or which dared not open its ports to fire its guns except in very smooth water.

The results, then, of actual experiments, as well as of theoretical conclusions, tend to show that in future naval engagements, vessels, to damage each other, must engage at very close quarters; and whereas, formerly, the skill of the captain was displayed in manœuvring his ship, and in obtaining the weather-gauge of his opponent, it will now be proved by his being able to maintain such a distance as to ensure his own ironsides from being damaged, whilst those of his enemy can be penetrated. Quite as much skill will be required as in former naval wars, but it must now be of a different description, not in the filling and backing, shifting sails or tacking, but in selecting distances, and in the accuracy and time of fire.

Between forts and iron-cased ships, matters will be scarcely

altered, if we but strike off a cypher from the distance in yards at which the two formerly exchanged shots. For 2,000 yards read 200, and the armour ship will still be in as much peril from a land battery as a wooden one would be at the first-named distance.

This reduction of range is, however, an important item, for, in consequence, iron-cased ships could run the gauntlet of our coast batteries more quickly, and could approach more nearly than formerly our arsenals or depôts of machinery. But, as a kind of set-off against this, all that was so destructible, such as wooden vessels in dock-yards, sails, masts, stores, &c., would be exchanged for iron and steel, which could not readily be damaged by the fire of shells.

To protect our coasts, however, a large and powerful armour fleet is absolutely necessary, and should take the place of enormous and expensive works placed so far inland, though near the coast, that they could not, by any possibility, produce the slightest damage on an enemy's armour ship, on account of the length of range, and would merely serve to check an enemy, supposing that one could be found foolish enough to spend his time in conducting operations in front of them.

That there is a necessity for iron-clad ships seems to be well known to the authorities, for we find that the following vessels of this class have been turned out within the last two years—viz., the *Caledonia*, 50 guns, at Woolwich; *Achilles* and *Royal Oak*, each 50 guns, at Chatham; the *Ocean*, 50 guns, at Devonport; the *Prince Consort*, 50 guns, at Pembroke; and the *Royal Alfred* at Portsmouth. The greater number of these vessels average about 4,000 tons. In addition to these, we have the *Agincourt* at Birkenhead, the *Minotaur* at Blackwall, and the *Northumberland* at Millwall, each of 55 guns. The *Valiant* and *Hector*, each of 32 guns, are also finished. Besides these, several vessels on the stocks have been

readily converted into iron-plated vessels, and thus we have afloat at least a dozen armour ships, in addition to those already built and ready for sea. The assertion that other nations have obtained the start of us in this matter appears to be scarcely carried out by facts. Such a vessel as the *Warrior* could dispose of a whole fleet of *Monitors* and *Merrimacs*, which, although formidable in the smooth waters near the coasts, and against wooden ships, would be but feeble antagonists on the Atlantic, when opposed to such an enemy as the *Warrior*.

Whilst, however, we are thus reconstructing our navy, who is able to foretell that, ere it is completed, another great change may not be necessary? Twenty years ago a suggestion to dress our ships in armour would undoubtedly have been rejected as absurd and impracticable. Twenty years hence some new idea may be carried out which, if promulgated at the present day, might seem ridiculous.

We formerly dressed our fighting men in armour, but this practice was found useless when offensive weapons were improved. A ship must waste some very large amount of its offensive power when its buoyancy is, in a great measure, employed to defend its sides. The iron used to form its armour might be converted into some ten or fifteen mighty cannon, against which the iron sides of a vessel could offer no resistance, and whose weight would be such that no iron-plated vessel could carry them. She, like the present soldier, would perhaps get the better of an armour-clad opponent, for, although she might be more vulnerable, her means of offence would be greater.

To be ready to take the lead, however, if the novelty should emanate from one among us, or to follow quickly should another nation be the originator, will enable us not only to keep pace with our rivals, but very shortly to outstrip them, for with England's resources she can afford a far larger outlay than any other nation.

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA:

A TALE OF LOVE, WAR, AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH THE READER IS DIRECTED TO THE PROCEEDINGS OF OUR FRIENDS IN GERMANY.

FORTUNATELY for writers of fiction, the rules of the Greek drama, requiring uniformity of time and place, are not now strictly insisted upon; and we trust the reader will pardon us if we request him to give his attention to what is passing amongst those characters of our tale resident in Baden. For this purpose we will conduct him to a new scene—the mansion of Rockenforth, the seat of the Count of Würmer and his exemplary son. When we last took leave of the latter, he was, if we mistake not, in some doubt as to the best means to be practised to accomplish certain plans of his fertile mind. Considerable time having elapsed since these projects first underwent consideration, it will, perhaps, be interesting to observe what progress they have been making towards completion.

It was evening at Rockenforth, and the Count and his son were met in one of the scantily furnished apartments of the castle, preparing to partake of the repast, which, no doubt, the good deeds of the day had richly merited. The Count was a man of middle size, dressed in a style quite in conformity with Shakespeare's famous maxim. Time had set its mark on his once-flowing hair, and the furrows of age were manifest on his brow. His eyes were rather small, and would give an acute observer the idea of great activity. Nevertheless, they possessed an appearance of quiet benevolence, and, to any one not an accomplished physiognomist, the deportment of the aged noble would convey an impression of his being an unassuming, yet energetic,

benefactor of the human race in general, who had probably retired from a useful course in the world, to end his days in peace. His son sat near him, and on his sombre features dwelt a frown, which seemed to show that there were still certain difficulties to be surmounted, before he could effect the desires of his mind.

To be candid with the reader, Albrecht's *ruse* had called forth the reasoning powers of the Baron to an unwonted degree. As he scarcely knew which of the plans he had formed was the most feasible, he resolved to ask counsel of his clear-headed progenitor, in whom, as a good son, he had great confidence. The elder noble, whose mind seemed to have great aversion to rest, was the first to think of business, and having extracted a paper from an adjacent chest, he made a minute inspection of it. From the earnest manner in which he ran over his fingers, and nodded his head, it was evident some proposition in arithmetic was foremost in his thoughts. Having ultimately completed his calculation, and the fire (by the light of which he had made his investigations) getting rather low, he placed the document on the table, and, turning to his son, who had displayed a most laudable absence of curiosity, said, in a clear, sonorous voice:

"I have been looking over a plan of the estates of our neighbour, Hardfels, in order to form my own opinion of the value, both to him and to us. It seems that, his fair daughter being removed from our sight, we must give up all hopes of acquiring any addition to

our little property by a marriage between her and yourself. Nevertheless, I was considering that our purpose might be effected by other methods. You informed me that Hardfels insulted you. Vengeance is sweet: there is still a way of humbling him effectually."

Having given a furtive glance around the room, and ascertained no one was near the door, the son answered: "To tell you the truth, my thoughts were in the same direction."

The Count gave a further nod, in approbation of his hopeful son's suggestion, over which he mused for some time; at last, with an air of exultation, he exclaimed: "The imperial chamber! Let us go boldly to extremities: half-measures are useless."

"How would such a course benefit us?" was the considerate remark of the young nobleman.

"What, Conrad!" said the Count; "do you not see that, by denouncing Hardfels before the Emperor, you secure his condemnation, and the confiscation of his estates, the greater part of which will, of course, be the reward of the informer. I then foretell your wealth, honour, magnificence, and, perhaps, a bride little less than a princess."

"You speak with justice," said the Baron; "your proposal is a bold, but, I hope, a safe one. To broach the subject to the Emperor would be to sentence Hardfels to a disgraceful death, and procure considerable advantage to ourselves. But," he continued, in a different tone, "may it not be said that we have assisted him in his treason by not revealing our knowledge of it at an earlier opportunity? After a lapse of some ten years, does it not seem dangerous to proceed now?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Count. "What is easier than to say that, having frustrated Hardfels' treacherous projects, your weak love for the misguided man prevented you from revealing them; but that now, overwhelmed with remorse for your misconduct, you are resolved to submit the whole

affair to the judgment of the Emperor? Disclaim all ill-will to the accused; shed a few tears, if necessary; and the matter is settled."

"I fear many persons might have more doubts on the subject than yourself. Nevertheless, I should think our united testimony on oath would suffice to invalidate any protest on his part. But, again, what business have we with any of Hardfels' private correspondence? He will at once demand how we became possessed of any documents we may put in against him."

"Trust that to me, Conrad. Could you not say that some one of the Baron's domestics confided you with the secret of his being the bearer of a mysterious letter, which he volunteered to show you, in order to obtain some insight into its contents, and the danger he was incurring in delivering it? We had better take care that the man we speak of be now dead. Dead men tell no tales. The page whose place Michael took, if I mistake not, died in Hardfels' service."

"Be it so," said young Würmer, in a stern manner. "Great care is required; but I trust our prudence may surmount any difficulties the ruined wretch may raise."

Here both relapsed into a fit of abstraction, and it was evident they were devoting their best energies to the consideration of the means to be pursued to accomplish their purpose. This reverie, however, was disturbed by the ingress of the before-mentioned servant, who announced the arrival of a courier from Spain, with a letter for the Baron. He was instantly admitted, and the intelligence of which he was the bearer afforded great satisfaction to both father and son. We must do Würmer's generosity the credit of stating that, on this occasion, he bestowed upon the bearer a remuneration equal to his deserts; and the messenger left the apartment, to partake of refreshments with the few servants of the establishment.

Michael duly informed his patron of his proceedings since he last communicated with him; his dealings with the Inquisition; and the arrest of the young Count; as well as his own appointment of executioner to the Holy Office; and added, that there was not the slightest doubt that the prisoner would be condemned to relaxation at the approaching *auto-da-fè*.

Between such excellent men of business, it was not long before every particular in the fate of *Hardfels* was discussed and settled; and it was decided that, since delay might be prejudicial, and all seemed favourable for the execution of their designs, Conrad Würmer should proceed at the earliest opportunity to Vienna, there to prefer a charge of treason against the unfortunate Baron of *Hardfels*, to be supported by certain proofs in their possession.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IT IS PROVED THAT MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST; AND AN OPPORTUNITY OF ESCAPE IS OFFERED TO STAELBURG, WHO, HOWEVER, DECLINES TO AVAIL HIMSELF OF IT.

HAVING thus made a temporary digression from our subject, we will betake ourselves to a consideration of the events which happened at Valladolid after the misfortune which befel Michael. The Inquisitors, having been busily engaged in the trial of numerous heretics, had a prospect of enjoying some slight rest from their labours, and the pleasure afforded by a suspension of active exertions was common both to the superiors and subordinates of the Holy Office. The latter were assembled in the refectory of the Inquisition; indulging in a copious libation after their laudable efforts in the extirpation of heresy.

Michael had never been a favourite with his associates. He was suspicious and selfish, even for a familiar and tormentor of the Inquisition; and from possessing cunning superior to his station, was

an object of aversion, both to his employers and assistants, so that the remembrance of his accident did nothing more than add to the merriment of his unfeeling coadjutors. Bottles of the rich wines of Oporto and Xeres were standing on the table, and every arrangement had been made by the minor officials for a jubilee. As if arrived purposely to increase their mirth, a minstrel was announced, with harp and song, ready to treat on any subject. The newcomer was joyfully admitted, and the various officials of the Inquisition gathered round to hear the lays of the songster. He appeared to be a stranger in those parts, and he pronounced Spanish as if he had been used to a less fluent language. His beard was grey, and of a great length; and from his venerable looks few would suppose him gifted with great vocal powers. Having poured out for him a brimming goblet, the revellers eagerly requested a song. Their desire was gratified, and the gleeman having sipped the proffered beverage, proceeded, in an agreeable voice, to sing a lay of ancient German folklore.

The performance gave great satisfaction, and many a broad piece of silver was presented to the musician, in token of approbation. More wine was produced, and the minstrel, with greater alacrity than might be expected from his years, assisted in the distribution of it. While thus employed, he might be observed stealthily to cast a small portion of a dark-coloured powder into the goblet of each.

"The devil," says the great Martin Luther, "likes not music." David's harp certainly exercised a mighty influence over the evil spirit which took possession of the mind of Saul; and music also served to call the Reformer to consciousness when, worn out by the intensity of mental suffering, his spirit for the time departed. Ere the song of the German had ceased, many of the assembly fell into a deep slumber, and few were sufficiently conscious to applaud or

criticise the performance. A further draught of wine was poured out, and again conveyed to the several banqueters by the musician, who failed not to add a little of his mysterious mixture to the generous beverage. While producing a soft cadence on his harmonious instrument, the harper had the satisfaction of beholding one after another of the company fall back insensible, and the hardness of their breathing showed that they slept a sleep of more than usual soundness. Gradually diminishing the sound of his harp, the musician turned to the jailor, who carried at his girdle the keys of the various cells, and, without awakening the sleeper, disengaged them. Having achieved his purpose, he extinguished the candles, placed the largest bestowed on him upon the glowing embers, and noiselessly glided from the room.

Staelburg meanwhile, on being conveyed from the scene of torture, was removed to a different prison from that in which he was previously confined. Here, nature being overcome by the prostration occasioned by infliction of torments, the unfortunate man enjoyed a brief oblivion of his troubles in rest, undisturbed by the sounds of merriment from the refectory. A slight motion of the lock of his cell awoke him, and, anticipating a further application of torture, he inquired whether the Inquisitors were come to torment him before his time. A gentle admonition of silence followed, and he became aware of the presence of an apparent stranger, who, approaching his pallet, breathed his name. Fearing that his disordered mind was presenting to him false images, the young Count rubbed his eyes with his swollen hands, to ascertain that he was fully awake. Yes, he could not be mistaken: he heard a well-remembered voice, and saw the form of one whom he had known in happier times, and he faintly answered, "Albrecht!"

It was indeed the faithful, fearless Albrecht, who, in the habit of a

wandering minstrel, borrowing a hint from the well-known Blundell, had made a pilgrimage from Holland to Spain, to endeavour to effect the rescue of his friend. He had secretly, but prudently, tracked him, till his arrival at Valladolid. Long had he waited outside the gloomy building, in order to form his ideas of the situation of the secret prisons, and the probable scene of the incarceration of his countryman. From the information thus derived, and what little he could extract from the officials, Albert had determined to practise a bold artifice to obtain possession of the keys of the cells, and effect his liberation.

"Arise, and follow me," said Albrecht; "and you are once more free. The jailor is asleep, and the keys are in my possession."

"Noble Albrecht!" said the prisoner, "words fail to express my gratitude to you; but I cannot avail myself of your kindness. Is there no one else who you may befriend?"

"Tush!" replied Albrecht; "your misfortunes have affected your brain; in calmer moments you will regret such romantic conduct. Remember, it is for life or death! If you do as I bid you, you are at liberty; remain, and a few days, perhaps, will see you bound to a stake as a condemned heretic. Do not trifle."

"Is it manful to shrink from danger, my friend? Unless declared innocent, or sentenced to the stake as guilty, I quit not this place. It shall not be in their power to offer indignities to my effigy."

"These words are only worthy of a madman! Dress yourself without delay, for time is precious," said the brigand, in a tone of some annoyance.

"Be not angry with me, my generous Albrecht, if I persist in my determination. Imagine what a triumph my flight would be to the officials of the so-called Holy Office, and here it would aggravate the life of one other captive. For better or worse, I remain; never-

theless, there may be others who would have no such scruple."

In vain did Albrecht protest against his friend's mistaken views. The young Count was resolute; and, unable to shake his determination, Albrecht was on the point of leaving him, when he made one more appeal:

"What answer," said he, "shall I make to the lady Bertha? What will she think of the love you bear her, if you prefer dying a disgraceful death, to live for her sake? Think of her, and listen to common sense!"

A slight pause followed this energetic remonstrance, and the brigand began to flatter himself he had subdued the young Count's over-conscientious ideas; but Staelburg answered: "Bertha informed me, she would rather hear of my death than dishonour. Greet her courteously in my name; tell her that absence and distance endear her still more to me, and that, with the hourly prospect of death before my eyes, I still think fondly of my betrothed. Assure her of the pleasure I should feel in again beholding her; but it cannot be thus. Farewell, my honest friend; we may not meet again!"

Albrecht complied with his request, wrung his hand without speaking, and, both vexed and sorry at his obstinacy, quitted the cell, leaving the door wide open.

Staelburg's present abode was, as we said before, in a totally different part of the building from his previous prison, and appeared to be less strongly constructed. How Albrecht contrived to find his way thither, and select the proper apartment, we know not; but we presume that sleight of hand, which he occasionally used for less justifiable purposes, forsook him not. After his departure, as the young Count pondered over the devotion displayed by the daring outlaw, he heard a sound in the adjoining cell. Although the general policy of the Inquisition was to prohibit any communication between the prisoners, the immaculate institution was not above

taking advantage of any stray revelation which might be made, or terror inspired, by one captive to another. It no doubt suited their purpose to immure Staelburg in such a position that he might, if so inclined, hold some slight intercourse with the occupant of the adjoining place of confinement. This pious intention had been hitherto frustrated by the taciturnity of both, and at present the jailor seemed unable to profit by their edifying conversation. As Staelburg listened, he caught the sound of low, plaintive music, and heard a female voice, weak though sweet, sing, in the Dutch language, verses which may be rendered as follows:—

"When bigotry in hideous form prevails—
When might steps in where calmer reason fails,
And with revolting rage true faith assails,—
Peace hides its head.

We see the good, the noble, and the brave,
Doomed by mad zeal to an ignoble grave!
Still superstition, with harsh voice, doth crave
For blood to shed.

Mild pity doth its wonted haunts forsake,
And hellish thoughts men's mind perverted
make;
The scaffold, rack, the gibbet, and the stake,
For victims cry.

Father of mercies, lend Thy grace to guide
The wretched pris'ners that on Thee confide
In mercy spare us, but, should ill betide,
Give strength to die.

Thou who hast said, 'Fear not, my little flock,
The kingdom God will give you,' canst unlock
The prison-doors—to Thee, our steadfast Rock,
Thy children call.

Lay bare Thine arm! awake, our God, awake!
Show forth Thy power—let guilty tyrants
quake;
Let Thy dread voice, which made Mount Sinai
shake,

Direct us all.

God of all flesh, to whom it does belong
From utmost weakness to create us strong,
Whose power protects the right, represses
wrong,—

Thine would I be.

Should Thou be pleased to break my present
chains—
Should cruelty inflict its torturing pains,—
Grant me, O God, while aught of life remains,
To honour Thee."

When the melody ceased, the imprisoned noble judged that the singer could be no other than his former nurse; and deeply did he regret that Albrecht had departed without effecting her release. Although the thinness of the partition would have suffered him to have addressed her, he forbore to

speak. Before, however, he had fallen asleep, he was overjoyed to find that Albrecht had returned.

"The jailer is quiet enough," said he; "think no more of your mad regard for honour—look to yourself, and be once more free."

"I deeply regret you should have undertaken so hazardous an enterprise for my sake," said Staelburg; "but I cannot accompany you. Let me beg of you, though, to give liberty to the person confined in the next cell, to whom I am under great obligations. I would fain speak to her, and will follow you to the precincts of the prison."

"Do let me urge you to take my advice," said he, as he quitted the room, and silently unlocked the door of the cell indicated.

"Sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first," says Robinson Crusoe,—on what authority we know not. Poor Alftrude, who had not the remotest idea of the nearness of the deliverance which her prayer besought, was overcome by the joy occasioned by the prospect of liberty. After an application of minor methods of torture, an infernal machine, called by the French *le chevalet*, preventing the sufferer from breathing, and endangering life, was employed to induce the girl to act as informer against Staelburg. The spirit was stronger than the flesh, and nothing could be extorted from her. She was now informed that her relaxation was decided upon, and that in a few days she would be summoned to an *auto-da-fè*, to die a cruel death in the presence of an inhuman, unsympathising mob. This statement was no doubt made with a view of inducing the luckless girl to confess; but it had an entirely contrary effect. Resolved that her departure out of the world should be sullied by no breach of faith, without any complaints of the hardness of her lot, she prepared for death.

Albrecht's proposal for her release was joyfully accepted, and she quitted the scene of her suffering, charged with kind messages from Staelburg to those who had

befriended him in his exile. Long did she plead with him to be her companion homewards, and enjoy with her the sweets of liberty; but in vain. Staelburg followed them to the entrance-room; there he bid them a sad adieu. He then plucked off a small portion of the tapestry, and returned to his prison, rejoiced that his zealous physician had escaped the vengeance of her enemies.

His sleep was sound and refreshing, and he was only awoken by hearing his door, which had been left open, locked.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOUCHING THE EFFECT PRODUCED ON THE CHIEFS OF THE HOLY OFFICE BY THE ESCAPE OF ALFTRUDE NAARVELDT—THE FATE OF MICHAEL THE SPY—AND THE UNEXPECTED ACQUITTAL OF THE COUNT OF STAELBURG.

GREAT was the rage of the Inquisitors in the morning, when they found themselves deprived of their victim. A vigorous pursuit of the fugitives was instituted; but Albrecht, who had pondered well over the means to be employed, found little difficulty in eluding the pursuers.

On the same day, Staelburg was again summoned into the presence of the Inquisitors, and was closely examined as to the events of the previous night. He duly informed them that an offer of liberation had been made to him, but that, relying on his innocence, he had declined to avail himself of it: and, in proof of his statement, produced the portion of tapestry he had torn from the entrance-hall. The Inquisitors gazed at each other in astonishment as they heard that honour was a firmer bond on their captive than the bolts and bars on which they relied.

"You have acted prudently," said the Chief Inquisitor; "escape would have availed you nothing. The Holy Office possesses twenty thousand faithful servants, who would go through fire and water

in the service of this sacred tribunal. You will see your wretched accomplice doomed to relaxation as a punishment for her presumption. Perhaps, on a full recantation of your errors, your fate may be more lenient. But to entitle you to compassion, you must reveal the name of this audacious intruder who has interfered between the suspected person and her judges."

Staelburg slightly smiled as he thought of a proverb advising no sale of a bear's skin to be made till the destruction of the animal is accomplished. In answer to the polite demand of the Inquisitor, he replied:

"Excuse me, holy father. Whatever questions concern myself alone, I will freely answer; but I cannot act as spy to the conduct of others. It appears that vigilance was not practised; for this I am not responsible. It was not dread of your familiars that induced me to remain in captivity, but an objection I had to any behaviour betokening fear of investigation."

"Have you still to learn prudence?" said the Inquisitor. "Has not the taste you have had of our power been sufficient to deter you from provoking our resentment? Did you reject an opportunity of escape with the view of defying the extirpators of heresy? Your insolent suggestions cannot be passed over with impunity."

"Be more temperate, and have more respect for justice," said the Count, with great composure. "In my German ideas of right and wrong, your words savour but little of that regard for equity which should actuate every true member of our beloved Mother Church."

"Take heed, or you will compel me to adopt measures I would fain avoid," said the Inquisitor, in an austere tone. "Praised be our Lady, we Spaniards display more zeal in the cause of religion than you apathetic Germans. Thanks to our care of the souls of those committed to our charge, no Luther has arisen to trample on the orthodox faith in Spain."

"Would, holy father, you could say, as was said of one who preached a far more tolerant religion: 'Of those whom thou gavest me, have I lost none.' I fear you propagate the true faith by severities which the Founder of it never contemplated."

"Argue not with those better informed than yourself," responded the Inquisitor; "but answer my question, and feel grateful to me for my forbearance towards you."

"I have already informed you that I refused the offered release. I confess it was at my request that liberty was restored to one of the prisoners."

"Do you, then, take upon you the office of determining who are, and who are not, fit subjects for inquiry? You display a most marked disrespect for sacred things, young man! It is fitting we reduce you to a more humble spirit. A slight administration of the question might, perhaps, convince you that bravado is of no avail."

A flush of anger came over Staelburg's countenance as he heard the accomplished casuist resort to this contemptible style of argument; and he boldly answered:

"I decline to gratify your curiosity, holy father."

The Inquisitor, chafed by this fearless speech, was only prevented from amply fulfilling his threat by the entrance of one of the familiars, who placed in his hand a packet. As he perused the papers, the Inquisitor assumed an appearance of much anxiety and doubt; and his assistants, to whom he passed them, seemed to share his feelings. Then turning to the person who supplied the place of jailor—the last having been deprived of his office, and subjected to severe penances, for his want of attention to his duties—he commanded him to take the accused to his prison, and see that he wanted nothing.

With a gloomy foreboding of ill, the Count again entered his cell; his unexpected reprieve from torture failed to awaken within him

any greater hope of deliverance; and nothing but his chivalrous disposition prevented his feeling intense regret at his rejection of an opportunity of escape.

Sounds of agony, in the opposite direction to that lately tenanted by Alfrude Naarveldt, reminded him that there were others in captivity still more wretched than himself. At first he could but think that his confinement near a dying person must have been an artifice of the Inquisitors, to inspire him with terror and bring him to submission. At length he concluded that the sufferer was, most probably, the wretched Michael, removed thither after the catastrophe which had taken place. His keeper soon after made his appearance, bearing a dinner, on a scale far superior to the ordinary diet allowed to the prisoners, and to him Staelburg applied for information touching the man. The jailor answered that he knew not what had become of him; that his duties consisted only in taking charge of certain cells, of which the one in question formed no part; and that he doubted not that the dignaries of the establishment would amply attend to Michael's wants. Without troubling himself to go further into the subject, the jailor withdrew; but the fearful shrieks of the injured executioner still haunted the ears of the young count. After a brief intermission, the groans were repeated, and continued without abatement for some time. So violent and incessant were they, that they prevented Staelburg from taking any rest. Towards morning they became fainter and fainter, and it appeared that the sufferer's frame was growing gradually weaker. The partition on that side was thicker than on the other; and all his attempts at holding conversation with the mangled tormentor were fruitless. The following day, on the entrance of the jailor, our hero again drew his attention to the wants of the wounded man, and earnestly implored him, as he in his turn would hope for mercy, to go to his assist-

ance. The man drily answered, that his predecessor had got into difficulty for failing in his duty, and that it might be his lot to be dismissed for exceeding his instructions.

At length a cry — if possible, fiercer than ever — rang through the prison, and then a deep stillness reigned. Without any one to soothe his expiring moments, to administer consolation to his soul, or relieve his troubled body — deserted by those whom he had faithfully served — his conscience reproaching him for many and aggravated misdeeds, — Michael's spirit departed.

Touched by the tragic end of his treacherous foe, Staelburg dropped a tear of commiseration, and offered up a fervent prayer for the salvation of his soul. Scarcely had he risen from his knees, ere he received an announcement to attend the Inquisitors again. Anticipating torture of the most refined nature, but hoping that this would be the last occasion when he would be ignorant of his doom, he obeyed the summons.

On reaching the audience-chamber, he was agreeably surprised to behold an expression of greater benignity play upon the rigid features of the Chief Inquisitor. Every courtesy was shown him; and he began to entertain a greater dread of the deceptive blandness of the wily judges than he did of their former severity.

The Inquisitor addressed him in a short speech, extolling, as was his wont, the clemency of the Holy Office, and the delight it ever afforded her to be the means of effecting a reconciliation between the injured Church and those persons who in a contrite manner acknowledged their errors. As this was generally the introduction to violence and cruelty, an inward dread seized Staelburg. He listened, however, in quietness, and was greatly astonished to hear the superior, in the close of his address, treat of the respect formed by himself and associates for the

high principle which had actuated him since his incarceration. He proceeded to say that of all monarchs who had come to the brightness of the rising of true religion, none could exceed the well-beloved Maximilian of Germany in devotion and sincerity. He observed, that this undoubtedly religious monarch had requested that all mercy consistent with the good pleasure of the king, or other the authority in whose custody the prisoner then was, should be shown him as a true man, a brave soldier, and a zealous professor of the Catholic faith; and further, that the gallant Don Pedro de Valencia had intimated that his life was entirely owing to Staelburg's intercession. As these estimable men had expressed themselves satisfied that heresy found no favour with the prisoner, the Holy Office was unwilling to believe them mistaken; and that, on a mature comparison of the bearings of his case, the Inquisitors declared that the charges brought against him had not been substantiated, and he was consequently entitled to his discharge. In order to manifest the good-will they bore him, and to bring the prosecution to a speedy termination, all necessary forms of procedure had been dispensed with, and he was at perfect liberty to take his departure when convenient to himself. The better to carry out the wishes of all parties interested, the king, he was informed, had no objection to his release, on being assured of his future neutrality in the contest between himself and subjects. This assurance Staelburg thought it not dishonourable to give.

The jailor was then called upon to account for the moneys and effects found in the possession of the prisoner at the time of his delivery to the Holy Office. After the deduction of the expenses of his living—which, it must be confessed, were on a moderate scale—the contents of his purse at the period of his capture were handed to him. A few questions were put as to the conduct of the keeper

towards him, and a written promise obtained that his revelations should be kept secret. The chief of the Inquisitors made him a polite bow, his obsequious attendants followed his example; and, to his inexpressible delight, Staelburg found himself free.

Before quitting the gloomy prison, the jailor delivered to him two letters, of which the seals were intact; one of which, he informed him, had been forwarded, with other papers, from the palace at Madrid. To add to his exultation, he found the letter indicated contained the imperial revocation of the decree of banishment passed on him by the Margrave of Baden, and a summons to return to his native country so soon as his convenience would permit. He had no doubt of the person to whom he was indebted for his release and his feelings of gratitude, both to the Supreme Director of events and the warm-hearted Godfrey were hearty. The second epistle was from his friend Don Pedro, who seemed to be aware of his probable liberation, and breathed an affectionate sympathy with his sufferings. It stated that its writer first became acquainted with his incarceration by the Donna Maria, who resided at Valladolid, and whose wedding with him was to take place on the following day. According to his promise, he bade our hero cordially welcome to the nuptial festivities. The abode of the young lady was accurately described, and Staelburg thought politeness required his attendance.

Sweetly did Staelburg sleep that night; no dread of being conducted to torment broke in upon his slumbers. He thought of her whose image had been present to his memory in more troublous times, and in his dreams he still saw her lead him through many difficulties to tranquillity. In his delight at finding the sentence of banishment annulled, he thought not of the opposition he must expect from Würmer. To Staelburg all was *couleur de rose*; once more with those he loved, all difficulties seemed small

indeed. As to his contemplated father-in-law, although Hardfels had hinted to him the reasons which dictated the harsh measures he practised, the young soldier had yet to value the prudence and kindness which actuated him.

The morning was such as any lover would choose to witness his union with the object of his affections; the sun shone; the birds twittered in the distance, notwithstanding the winter, in proper Arcadian style. Soon after his morning repast had been completed, the rumbling of carriages, and the merry sound of bells, informed Staelburg that the ceremony was about to be performed. He did not, however, form one of the party, as, from a previous arrangement with the bridegroom, his attendance was excused.

At the time appointed by Don Pedro, Staelburg did not fail to present himself at the scene of festivity. Don Pedro, whose eye detected him among the numerous guests, forthwith introduced him to the bride, who certainly did credit to his taste. She warmly thanked him for the interest he had taken in her over-rash husband, and expressed the gratification his company afforded her.

Dancing was soon commenced, and although our hero's heart was too full of silent thankfulness for the mercies shown him to indulge in much merriment, he could not forbear from mingling in the joyous throng. The bride herself became his partner, and, to the enlivening music of the guitar, he footed a galliard with as much animation as the rest. Fandangos and other fashionable dances followed each other in rapid succession, until Staelburg, unable to carry on the amusement for so long a time as his companions, in a quiet nook watched the graceful figures of the stately Donnas, as they wended the mazes of the intricate dances of the period.

Being as impatient to return to his native country as he had been precipitate in leaving it, the young count was not very fastidious in

the selection of a steed to bear him to Barcelona. Having obtained a sorry parody on an Andalusian charger, and paid all expenses incurred at Valladolid, with a light heart and lighter purse he started on his journey. His mind, however, travelled faster than his body, which the laziness of his horse materially retarded. Although the prospect of a return to those he loved might have made him regardless of other things, his reflective disposition had ample subject for thought in the beautiful scenery, and marks of ancient magnificence, which almost every step disclosed. The fertile valleys, over which huge oxen were drawing heavy ploughs in preparation for harvest, spoke of the future; the ruins of some grim fortress commanding the adjacent country recalled the past to his memory; while many an elegant chateau, round which beautiful rivulets meandered, reminded him of the present.

No brigand clad in the romantic garb which from father to son has distinguished the calling, levied black mail on the traveller; had they attempted to deprive him of his substance,—as the proverb informs us, it is a work of some difficulty to extract blood from a flint,—it is probable that the remuneration of the assailants would have been so small that "*le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle.*" What a security is poverty! While the rich suffer the cares of affluence, and the dread that the chance which gave them wealth may deprive them of it, like Horace's "*Luculli miles dum noctu stertit,*" the wayfarer, shoeless and penniless, enjoys an immunity from molestation. Judging, doubtless, the resources of the man by the merits of the steed, as the majority of the world do, by the texture of his coat, the freebooters, if any such there were, suffered him to pass without interruption.

Few persons did he meet on the way; occasionally a solitary peasant, whose noble features spoke of high lineage and better days, greeted him with the manly salute

of the country; but, with this exception, little served to recal his thoughts from their wanderings.

At length his road lay by the hallowed Mount of Montserrat, where a few pilgrims, some with and more without peas in their shoes, wended their way along the rugged road leading towards the sacred shrine. It was at the close of the day when Staelburg approached the holy mountain, with the intention of requesting lodging for the night, and the bright rays of the setting sun shed a beautiful glow over the picturesque scenery. All spoke of peace: the chivalrous Moors had long left their mountain fastnesses; houses of religion stood in the neighbourhood of buildings erected for warlike purposes; the chant of the cloistered monk supplied the place of the fierce war-shout of earlier times; and the earth was trodden by the bare feet of the humble devotee, which had formerly resounded with the tramp of well-armed warriors. As he was forming comparisons between past events and present occurrences, his steed, possessed probably of no such sentimental turn, picked a stone in his foot, and, being rather

"Like Caesar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,"

fell with great violence when within a short distance from the monastery. Staelburg was thrown on his head, and left senseless with the force of the shock, which, nevertheless, was considerably broken by his stout hat. On recovering possession of his senses, he found a monk busily engaged in bathing his temples, and his unfortunate horse standing near him. Although the good brother urged him to accept the services of the lay members of the establishment, and be carried to the convent, Staelburg declined his kind offer, and succeeded by his assistance, in walking up the steep road to the monastery. As this was about the time for the supper of the monks, preparation was speedily made for the reception of the traveller. Brother Christopher, as his kind guide was called, pro-

cured the best of everything for him: and no entreaties on the part of the young Count could prevail upon the self-denying brethren to think of themselves, until his own wants had been amply attended to.

If there is one thing more than another which tends to act as a set-off against the cruelty which is but too frequently practised by the Romish Church, and convince an unbiassed person that all within her walls is not so corrupt as many would have us suppose, that thing must be the never-failing hospitality and benevolence of the fraternities of monks, whose doors are ever open to the needy traveller, and on whom the cry of distress is never lost. Whatever virtues Protestants of the present day may lay claim to, it is to be feared that works of charity are not practised with so much zeal and fervour as in the times of our Romish ancestors, when, from the liberality of the religious houses, no necessity was found for imposing poor-rates to support the indigent. It may be urged, with justice, that the same number of persons individually might effect the same amount of good as the united brotherhood; but, alas! there is ground for apprehension that the will is wanting, without which the way is but of little use. Again, it may be said, that the money bestowed upon the poor is, by a system of extortion, derived from the rich; but that charity, "which hopeth all things, believeth all things," would prompt us to hope and believe that there were many who practised benevolence entirely for its own sake, at a noble sacrifice of self. To think otherwise would be to form an opinion very degrading to human nature. The repast being finished, Brother Christopher led the way to a dormitory, where a bed, covered with a snow-white counterpane, seemed to court repose. The good-natured monk had selected a place where the sound of the matin's bell might not disturb his rest. Surely Staelburg thought his lot had been one of greater mercy than he had any

right to expect. When he saw no prospect but that of perpetual imprisonment or a cruel death, he beheld roses spring up in the wilderness, and happiness seemed to smile upon him with additional brightness. The blow on his forehead, occasioned by his fall, served, however, as a slight thorn in his flesh to control his extatic feelings, and gradually occasioned him much pain; so that it was not until morning that he tasted sleep, and then it was of anything but a sound nature. His constitution, shaken by famine, pestilence, and mental and bodily torture, was unable to sustain much; and the concussion, which to a man in good health would have been but little, produced in him an alarming attack of illness. Delirium set in, and for some time the patient's life was in great danger. The attentive monks applied leeches to his brow, and did all that was in their power to restore him to health; but for some time their kindness availed little to check the progress of disease. Ultimately, Staelburg opened his eyes, and, although feverish and languid, was perfectly sensible. He gazed quietly round the little apartment; near the window was seated one of the order, deeply engaged in the study of a book. As if unable to repress the musings of his mind, the brother mechanically exclaimed, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As he turned himself to the bed, he found the patient with his eyes fixed firmly on him, and his wan, sallow countenance became crimson with a blush, as he thought of the exposure he had made. Laying aside the book he had been reading, he brought a little jelly to the invalid, on whom it produced a beneficial result, and enabled him to make some inquiries as to the length of time he had remained in his present position. The monk, who bore the name of Fray Diego, informed him that for some few days his life had been in great danger; but added, now that the coma which attended delirium had subsided, there was a

probability that quietness and rest would work his recovery. A placid slumber then took possession of Staelburg, and he slept without intermission for many hours. Seeing the happy change in his charge, Fray Diego resumed the study of his book. The perusal of the volume seemed to affect him much, and, by the sigh emitted and tears shed, it seemed that the lesson he derived therefrom was a painful one. Observing a slight motion on the part of the invalid, he quitted his position, and went to inform Brother Christopher of the improvement exhibited. The good monk desired him to return to his duties, and report any further change while he himself went to prepare such light nourishment as might be necessary.

As Fray Diego entered the apartment, he found that all fever had left Staelburg, who was by this time awake, and that the only thing to be dreaded was the exhaustion of the system consequent upon the delirium. The sick man endeavoured to induce his watchful attendant to receive his confession and administer absolution to him, as he was of opinion that the rally was only chronic, and that he could not bear up against any repetition of the attack; but Fray Diego held a different view, and declined to go into the subject, lest the excitement should be too much for him.

After refreshing himself with the delicacies which the benevolent Brother Christopher had prepared, Staelburg felt still more himself; and the latter ecclesiastic, who was well-versed in medicine, pronounced the worst to be past, and that there was ground for hoping that, by adopting a nourishing diet and abstaining from the slightest excitement, he might ere long be restored to health. When he was again left alone with his original attendant, Staelburg urged upon him the necessity there was of his religious duties being performed. As Fray Diego became aware of the increase of strength obtained by his patient,—fearing lest a re-

fusal of his request should be more productive of evil than a compliance,—he timidly suffered him to proceed. In a faithful manner, the invalid began to enumerate the faults and failings committed since his last confession; and when he had described all he could call to mind, he begged for absolution.

The monk hesitated for some time, and seemed very averse to the concession of his wishes. Imagining Fray Diego's silence proceeded from the magnitude of his offences, Staelburg demanded what penance he thought proper to impose.

Fray Diego shook his head in sadness, as he answered, "I thought not of penance. Can the infliction of bodily mortification wash away sin? Would that such were the case! I will not, however, deprive you of the comfort which the assurance of salvation on repentance, given by so unworthy a being as myself, can impart to you." He then proceeded to repeat the form of absolution, which being done, he hid his face in his robe and wept aloud. As he became calmer, he said, in a tone of suppressed emotion, "You have made a confession which for particularity can be seldom surpassed. St. James tells us confess our faults one to another. None are exempt from this ordinance. The humble layman and the titled ecclesiastic are equally within its meaning. Listen to me, therefore, and judge whether I have not cause to regret the inability of stripes and abstinence to atone for sin. But no; you are not in a fit

position to hear of the heavy crimes which, as it were, tear my heart. When you have sufficiently recovered your strength, then will I disclose all."

Glad of an opportunity of avoiding so unpleasant a revelation, and desirous of comforting the unhappy Diego, the Count mildly suggested that, even assuming his views to be correct, contrition, such as that he manifested, would be ground for hope that his case was not altogether desperate. As if pained with the slightest allusion to the subject, Brother Diego retired to the opposite side of the room, where, with his face averted, he seemed in deep communion with his own heart. The remembrance of the appearance of his cheeks—sometimes of a deadly pallor, sometimes reddened with a hectic flush,—his livid lips, and the anxious, careworn look his countenance at all times bore,—convinced Staelburg that reflection had produced an awful, yet perhaps salutary, effect on the conscience-stricken monk, who, he feared, had but a short time to live. Nothing further was said on the matter during that day; but Fray Diego lost no opportunity of showing that, much as remorse had enfeebled his body, his mind was free from any misanthropical tendency.

On the following day, when he considered his patient in a better state to attend to him, Fray Diego drew his chair nearer to the bedside, and commenced his promised confession, which forms the next chapter of our tale.

RECORDS OF WHITECROSS STREET PRISON.

The Artful Dodger—The Matrimonial Scheme; The I. O. U. and its Consequences—The 'Bus Driver and the Lady.

That stumpy fellow in the Glen-gary cap, has seen a little in his day, and is a well-known character here. He has been a publican and "worked the oracle," as he says laughing, "to a pretty considerable tune." The charge against him this time is making away with his effects to relations, leaving his creditors in an enormous deficit. "Sometimes his conscience troubles him," he says, "and I'm precious down on my luck; there's lots agin me, and how I'm to manœuver I can't say. Let me see, I'm to go afore Mr. Commissioner Law. Ah! he is a stern cove—but, withal, tender hearted—he always sympathises with people any ways afflicted. That's the go! I *do* feel myself uncommon bad; I must see the doctor—my old complaint, the gout. Yes, I'm a martyr to the gout; this is brought on by poor living. I've always lived well, and taken my port or sherry arter dinner, and here I can only get common ale! This 'ill never do." So he sees and "gammons the doctor," who orders him into the infirmary, where he is allowed wine. This is rather too dull, so he stays but a few days—he cannot walk very well, although his legs are *not* swollen—he must have a pair of crutches, and then he will contrive to "potter about and take the hair." This game is carried on until the day of hearing—he cannot walk on crutches so far—he must have a cab, and so he proceeds to Portugal Street. Every body is struck by the cadaverous hue of his countenance (he had chewed some tobacco, and not being accustomed to it, it had this effect), both bench and bar seemed to commiserate "the poor fellow's sufferings," to ease which the commission will have *his* case called on first, so that he may be

heard at once. For this clemency he might thank his stars, for his name was on the bottom of the list, so, many of his creditors who purposed opposing him, did not hurry to the court; and by this happy circumstance they lost their chance of sending him back for some considerable time.

At length he is called up; but the usher is obliged to assist him into the place appointed, and there he stood writhing under tortures (assumed) beyond human endurance. His features are distended; his eyes restless, he shakes in every limb. Some of his creditors are there to denounce his schemes, but their hearts smote them while gazing on the victim. A sarcastic barrister begins to banter him in the most unfeeling manner, until the commissioner calls him to order by observing "whatever the man may have been guilty of, it was cruel to add mental torture to his bodily suffering."

The snubbed barrister "could assure his honour that this was one of the worst cases he, the barrister, ever had on hand. This man made a trade of insolvency—this was his fifth appearance in four years, with a large amount of debts, and not a shilling's worth of effects. In fact, this case called for his honour's most severe punishment, and—"

"You are dealing in generalities, Mr.—," said the commissioner. "Have you any evidence as to what you assert?"

"Yes," the barrister "had fifty witnesses."

The commissioner ordered one to be called.

Here a fat, jolly-looking person made his appearance in the witness-box, puffing, blowing, and continually wiping the perspiration from his forehead. At his appearance the insolvent groined.

After the witness had been sworn, the barrister desired him "to tell his honour, in his own way, how he had been duped by the insolvent."

"This here man," said the witness, pointing to the insolvent, "had a concern to dispose on. I goes arter it—he asks eight hundred and fifty, and I bids him six hundred——"

"Six hundred what?—pounds or shillings?" inquired the commissioner.

"Pounds, in course," roared out the witness. "Well, he wouldn't take t; so I springs another hundred, and he says done; and I says done, its mine."

"What was yours, pray?" said the commissioner.

"The public, in course," replied the witness, giving a most contemptuous stare at the ignorance of his honour.

"The public? what am I to understand by that,—a public walk, a public garden, or a public house?" was the next inquiry.

The witness opened his eyes in wonderment, to think what ignorance his honour betrayed, and said "Why everybody knows what a 'public' means. His manner of saying this was most insolent. So the commissioner told him "to use becoming language, or he would not hear him."

"But you shall hear me," was the impudent reply. "I'm comed here for justice, and I'll have it, or know the reason why!"

"Usher," said his honour, "turn that man out of court."

After a great fluster and hustling the witness was removed, declaring he would have law or vengeance then, or at some other time.

Before the next witness was called, the insolvent, in pitiable accents "umbly oped his onor would permit him to set down, he was in such torment he could not stand any longer."

The request was immediately granted; and the next witness, a tall, spare man, with weak eyes, was sworn, and deposed to his having accompanied the last witness

to the insolvent's home, where he drew up an agreement, and saw the deposit of one hundred pounds paid.

"Is that all you know of the affair?" asked the insolvent counsel.

"Not quite; I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought," interrupted the counsel. "Pray what are you, Mr.——?"

"A public house broker," was the reply.

"And you have been a publican, I believe."

"Yes; I have been a publican. I had two houses——"

"Yes, yes; we know you had. and you also had the *misfortune* to be burnt out of both," said the counsel, significantly.

"Yes, I had that misfortune, and——"

"Never mind," continued the counsel; "you saw one hundred pounds paid to the insolvent."

"Yes, I did."

"When was the balance to have been paid?"

"Ten days from the date; but it was *not* tendered on that day, but the next day."

"That is sufficient," interrupted the commissioner. "The money was not paid as stipulated—there is an end to the opposition."

It would be tedious to go through the whole evidence; it will be sufficient to say the same house had been let on similar terms *three* times, and the deposit pocketed and kept by the insolvent. Several of the creditors opposed in person, but they failed to convince the court of any delinquency; although it was quite evident he had taken care of himself. He was discharged, and returned, and it was wonderful how quickly the gout left him. The crutches were thrown aside, and he went capering about like a young fawn; chuckling and laughing at the successful ruse he had practised. Yet here he is, for the sixth time.

That spruce-looking man, a perfect Adonis in his own estimation, has broken the hearts, and stolen the purses, of some half-dozen

confiding damsels seeking solace under the banner of that artful and insinuating monkey, Dan Cupid. His taste in female charms is varied and marvellous, and entirely depends upon the length of their purses, or the amount of Consols standing in their names at the Bank. There is not much difficulty about the age of the charmer; neither is deformity any objection: his heart being soft and flexible, he may be considered a good Samaritan, for he pours in the oil and wine into the wounds of female hearts, virgins and widows. His philanthropy being of such extraordinary latitude, he is not particular; but, in return for the unctuous flattery—being somewhat addicted to alchemy—extracts from the purse, the precious metal.

At times he affects the religious enthusiasm; and is seen constantly at church, chapel, prayer, and missionary meetings, evincing a devotional demeanour which would charm the heart of a Puseyite or Archbishop Manning, as the case might be; for he is not at all particular as to tenets. In such cases his outward appearance is well suited to disarm the sceptical; and so constant his attendance, so devout his aspect, that congregations, or meetings, take quite a fancy to his character.

The maiden ladies are quite in raptures at having *such* a man—such an example of piety among them, that invitations are numerous; tea parties were never considered perfect without the presence of Mr. Biron (we shall call him).

In every case of invitation he was a punctual guest—rather before than after the appointed hour. In this he had a special advantage; a short but animated conversation with the lady of the house, if she was single—and a good opportunity of ‘taking stock,’ as he termed it, of the possible income sufficient to maintain such a respectable establishment. There was no difficulty in obtaining this information from the lady herself, if on matrimony bent, for his manners

were so bland—so condescending—so sympathetic—and so inquiring—all, you know, in a brotherly way, that before the arrival of other guests, he was in full possession of the ways and means of his fair entertainer. If he found that there were certain inquisitive individuals, called trustees, in the way, and that the property was wholly and solely settled upon the lady, that act was sufficient for him; and he made his *conge* accordingly. If, on the other hand, the lady possessed the power to bestow all her worldly wealth, with her virgin heart and delicate hand, upon the object of her choice, *then* his attentions and assiduity became apparent; and in many cases, considered a flattering demonstration of his regard for the lady’s personal charms and intrinsic worth.

“Yes,” he would say, ready to die laughing at the same time, “there was one of the many withered old frumps, I flattered with my attentions; and she was no original, and that’s a fact. That she was warm in pocket I soon found out from herself—that she was a devotee at the shrine of Hymen there was no question; for, reversing the conventionalism of the world, she made love, while your humble servant tolerated the presumption, but only to fatten upon the good cheer invariably placed on the table.”

The disparity in years was rather startling; *only* twenty-four years! Now, fancy a young, and not a bad-looking man of twenty-four, marrying his grandmother of forty-eight? The idea itself was nauseating; then what must be the reality? I’ll give her due credit for perseverance and close siege. She made herself look lovely and enchanting by means of certain cosmetics known to ladies only, but I could see through the transparency, and laughed at the confidence she felt that her make-up was not discovered. Deluded mortal!

This happy state of things to her, progressed for four months, my inward man was greatly com-

forted by luxuriant living, when I discovered an impatience betrayed at the delay of the important question being mooted. It therefore became necessary for me to profit by the lady's partiality. You see it would not do for me to lose four months of my precious time without some pecuniary result; the more especially necessary, as I was without means, and heavily in debt. So, one evening, I became more affectionate than usual, but very depressed in spirits; and although the decanters were always on the table, and at my disposal, I dare not indulge, because she was almost an abstainer. She saw, with eyes of love, and regretted the distressed state of my mind; she seemed really to feel for, and pity my abstraction, like every true woman would, and ultimately, in the most delicate manner imaginable, hinted—mind you only hinted—that her purse must be considered mine, because she felt it would only be anticipating (I could not help smiling at this conceit) such an event; and I had only to name what amount would relieve my pent-up and too sensitive feelings, and it should be mine. Oh! admirable — devoted — generous woman! Oh! *how* I loved her at *that* particular time! Was she not worth to me £350.

"As if by magic my enthusiasm of love was unbounded. I dropped upon my knees, seized that delicate hand (skinney enough), pressed it with ardour to my lips, and held it in my enraptured grasp with the firmness of a vice.

"Good confiding creature! she could not endure to contemplate my affecting humiliation, raised me gently from my position, and forbade me expressing my thanks or gratitude. Dear soul! I could do not less than fold her in my arms, and press her to that heart everjoyed and exuberant with delight. Oh! wasn't she in the seventh heaven. She did not—no, she could not—blush, for the carnation on her lovely cheeks was of too permanent a nature to turn or change.

"Well, to put an end to this de-

lightful dream, I named the sum, fearful, however, that the amount might startle her. Not so; the shrinking and withered beauty unlocked an exquisitely inlaid desk, but only discovered therein ninety-five pounds. My head turned giddy, the pulsation of my heart might have been heard, when with the most bewitching smile she said, 'how sorry she was not having the whole sum in cash; but no matter, she must trouble (mark you trouble) me with a cheque for the amount. She took one of those magical little books from another drawer, wrote, in a very delicate, lady-like hand, upon a delicately tinted paper, finishing with that name so dear to me at that moment. After signing her name she naively intimated that that might be changed, as well as the cheque, in a few weeks.

"Could I, could any grateful and enamoured swain, do less than again press her to my heart and impress upon her coral lips the token of undying love. All this I did; and not to be undone in generosity, I insisted upon giving an I O U for three hundred and fifty pounds. Fatal document!

"We parted mutually satisfied, and, in less than an hour, this romance was turned into reality at the banking house of Messrs. Coutts! I could not help blessing the woman, and thanking my stars for such a timely supply of the needful. So I left the bank singing:—*'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'* And so I was.

"I believe it is patent to every one, that the moment you confer a favour, pecuniary or otherwise, you make an enemy of the recipient. Such is the perverted state of the human mind—strange, but true.

"Having thus placed myself under this obligation, it would have been but the correct thing that my attention should be continued; but I could not wind myself up to this key, for I was conscious I could never consummate the dearest wishes of this woman's heart, and I felt like a culprit at the bar of justice. However I made so many plausible excuses, wrote so many

lying difficulties, which prevented my paying personal respects, that her patience became wearied and exhausted, Oh! the number of dear little scented notes I received; the earnest appeals to my heart and to my honour, the grievous sufferings of the writer, why, they were enough to turn the brain of an anchorite! At last I summed up courage (stimulated by certain drops of brandy short) to make a visit to my charmer. Poor lady! She was pale as a corpse. She did not expect me; and therefore the usual tint of health was absent from her faded cheeks. With woman's wit her haggard appearance was accounted for by the mental agony and heartburning my prolonged absence had caused her; and at length she became so excited by emotion, and so very demonstrative in her arguments and complaints, that I was fairly beaten. She saw her advantage, and, like a well-tried general, followed it up. She threw aside all womanly squeamishness, she said, 'and would come to the point, and solve every difficulty before I left the house.'

Good gracious! What was I, what could I do? Still she was voluble to a degree; and kept to the one subject pertinaciously. At length, with a superhuman attempt to be calm and deliberate, she rose from her chair—looked—how she looked—right through me, I do believe—and said, 'Mr. Biron, I cannot have been mistaken in your attentions. I have encouraged those attentions more generously, perhaps, than I ought; and I now desire to know *when* you purpose fulfilling, what all my friends, as well as myself, expect as a termination of our engagement. Remember, it was your own seeking, and by my sanction afterwards. Do not imagine, because I am a lone woman, that I cannot guard my own honour and reputation—do not flatter yourself that you can play with *my* feelings with impunity—and do not consider that I am acting unwomanly by thus insisting upon dispelling the mist which envelopes me at this moment.

" 'Really,' I stammered out, 'really, my dear Miss Juliana, you are excited, and,—and—'

" 'No,' she said, 'Mr. Biron, I am *not* excited; I am only determined.'

" 'Upon my word, my dear Juliana, I am pained at this ebullition—I am indeed,' I gasped out; 'pray be calm, and we shall understand each other.'

" 'Oh, certainly, certainly—I am calm,' she said, savagely. Never did woman betray the angry passions of her nature more than at this moment. I was expected to say something, but could not, if my life depended upon the issue. There sat Juliana, *my* Juliana, had I so minded, the picture of disappointment and misplaced affection. She betrayed no weakness—no tears—no apparent inclination to be softened into an amiability of temper; but a dogged determination to know the worst, or have her heartfelt aspirations verified.

"After a distressing silence, I mustered up sufficient courage to say: 'My dear Miss Juliana, I think we had better reflect a little, and not discuss so delicate a question with warmth of temper; if, therefore, it will give you any pleasure, I will communicate my sentiments by letter in the morning, and I don't think you will regret the little delay if this request be granted.'

"Eagerly this armistice was accepted; for it was quite evident she had worked herself up to a paroxysm of mental anguish. So she replied as calmly as she could: 'Be it so; to-morrow *must* and *shall* terminate this fearful struggle.'

Upon thus delivering herself she quitted the room without the least ceremony; leaving me in one of the most awkward positions I ever remember to have experienced. I was not long in making my exit, in what state of mind, or feeling, I must leave you to imagine.

"My mind had been made up from the beginning. I never had any other object or intention beyond getting money. In that I succeeded; and, as I thought,

nothing further would arise out of the scheme. But the deceiver was deceived. The next morning I concocted an artful epistle, which *might* indicate matrimony, or any other less interesting subject, according to the feelings of the reader, and despatched the note.

"My suspense was ended the next morning in a less romantic manner than I had anticipated. I received a letter from a very respectable attorney, demanding the immediate payment of my I. O. U. for the amount lent; in default of which, proceedings would be forthwith commenced. I had not as many shillings as he demanded pounds. I thought I might stave off the action by pleading; but in this I was mistaken: for an early visitor introduced himself into my chamber, where I was enjoying a pleasant slumber, arousing me by saying, 'Mishter Biron, I arrast you upon a capias for £350.' 'Hallo,' I said, 'what, S—what do you mean by a capias?' I had known this man before. He replied, 'I knows nothink further; but vare vill you go—to my crib, in course.'

"No; I can't afford that *this* time; so I'll away to my old quarters, and join the Knights of the White Cross. And so, gents, you have the advantage of my experience and my company. And this calamity was brought about by a weakness I betrayed to *look* honourable by signing that fatal I. O. U."

Some time ago might have been seen a tall, stirpling youth, driving an omnibus upon the road leading from Kennington Gate to the "Angel" at Islington. He was comely to look on, and foretold the stature of the man. Nor were the hopes of his friends disappointed; for at the age of twenty he was as fine and healthy a specimen of mankind as could be seen. Many a fair nursemaid set their caps at him; and, like the jolly young waterman of the song, he was never in want of a fair damsel to gaze upon his beauty, and speculate upon her chances of success in the court of Cupid.

It is quite certain our Adonis (just look at him!) was perfectly aware of the havoc he was making on the tender and susceptible hearts of a throng of damsels always waiting a sunny smile from Jehu.

His manly proportions have been stated (6 feet 2 inches); but, alas! and a-lack-a-day, his voice was that of a puling infant, and he was quite as ignorant as to education; from which we may gather that ignorance is the hot-bed of impudence, assumption, and so forth. This was precisely the case with this decidedly handsome young fellow, with whose effrontery and arrogance one feels disgust and contempt. Our female friends thought otherwise, and besieged the man with unmaidenly forwardness. But experience and widowhood were too powerful a match for the youthful aspirants to the claims of becoming a 'bus-driver's wife. A silly widow lady, with a family grown beyond childhood, had gazed, longed, loved, and conquered. She might have been seen sitting beside her swain, enjoying the sunshine of his countenance, and enlightened by his conversation whenever he explained the habits of "That there off 'oss, as was as oudashus wicked that he couldn't be druv by any one else." The lady's admiration was here excited; what a prize she had secured in a companion so well versed in the qualities of a horse, and so eloquently describing his own qualifications! "Well, she was a fortunate, a happy woman!"

We may very easily imagine a young girl, in a desperate case of love, overlooking such trifles as education and intelligence; but in an educated woman of property, and that woman a widowed mother well nurtured and refined, we cannot conceive anything more degrading than to lower herself to so small a scale in society as to covet a 'bus driver for a husband and companion. Womankind are singular beings, "they please the eye if they break the heart," such are their own sentiments and expressions; and we should not be very far wrong

if we assert that the latter production is generally the correct one, when such *mesalliances* take place. But who so blind as those who will not see?

The widow's tactics beat all her competitors out of the field—her presents were more costly—her attentions, if not delicate, were continuous, and ultimately she carried away the prize to the no small dismay of many a disappointed maiden.

Whenever he could steal an 'a'ternoon,' he was always the welcome and honoured guest at the superbly-furnished residence of his fair, but forty, widow. So blinded was the lady by passion, that she cared not for the censure of the world—the scurrilous Mrs. Grundy was but a myth—and who would dare interfere with her conduct? was she not her own mistress? Upon such occasions the ungrateful youth would wink at the maids-in-waiting; who, highly delighted, would titter behind the chair of their mistress, enjoying a dumb communication with their eyes, and really began to think that Jehu would much rather have comforted himself with them in the kitchen, than endure the stiffness of the dining-room. No doubt they were right in their conjecture; but money, money, my dear sir, made the man to go as well as the mare, as this fellow was wont to tell his brothers of the whip.

Can there be anything more delightfully pleasant and agreeable than a good dinner, and an intelligent friendly chat? The very conversation gives zest to the whole; and passes the time conveying pleasure and instruction at one and the same time. Our widow was compelled to find all the conversation, and supply the paucity of intellect in her swain; and whenever there was a lull, the vacancy was supplied by the lover whistling that lively air, "The Rat-catcher's Daughter!" He was wont to sit at the drawing-room windows, which he insisted upon having "hopen," 'cause he enjoyed the hair," and nodding to his com-

panions as they drove past the house, making signs conveying the idea that he was all right and 'appy. He was proud of his elevation, and thought what captivating coves 'bus drivers must be when ladies invited them into their drawing-rooms. He would sometimes entertain his inamorata by descanting upon the prodigious influence 'bus conveyance had upon trade—the 'oss trade in particular. He would enlighten her weak understanding by saying,—“You 'ave no idear ow many 'osses a 'bus takes to verk it.” No, she had not. “Vy, vere 'ave you been dragged up, not to know as it takes ten 'osses to hevry 'bus? Vell, I am surprised!” So was the lady, in more ways than the one alluded to. “Ah,” he would continue, “'buses is ticklish things to meddle wi;—a cove ort to 'ave his high teeth well cut and sharpened, to ave hany think to do wi 'busses, I can tell you, or he's done as brown as that there near 'oss as I drives. A man to be a 'bus driver must ave hiron narves—yes, hiron narves—and his knowledge-box must be screwed right atween his shoulders, or he's a dunner—he is sure to be bested—he must always keep his crupper up, and the 'osses to collar and braces well tight, or he's not fit for a 'sponsible 'bus driver. I've heerd of coves as study law and talk politicks; but give me Bill Balls and a pair of rummey 'osses, and he'll beat 'em all into fits! Take my word, marm, a 'bus driver is a man as ought to be looked up to and 'onered.”

This was rather a long yarn for the man; but he felt at home; and as this was the *only* theme he could talk upon, he was resolved to make the most of it. All this time the lady fixed her gaze upon his handsome face, and felt happy and at her ease, although she was *not* enlightened by his conversation.

The feasting and love-making, all on the widow's side, stole on harmoniously, marred only by one unfortunate occurrence. One of the maids attended Jehu to the door when the impudent fellow took the

girl unawares round the neck and kissed her in the passage.

Returning to her work her mistress from the stair-head called her up to the drawing-room. The girl did not know that the stolen kiss had been seen by the jealous mistress, but so it was. After soundly rating the innocent woman for her imprudence and impudence, she desired her to pack her box and leave the house that very hour! *she* would have no improprieties in *her* house—not if she knew it. The girl pleaded the truth, she could not help it—“hoped missus would look over it, for it was not her fault, it was that impudent ’bus driver’s own act.”

“Who do you call a ’bus driver, pray?” said the mistress, in a towering passion. No reply was given. The mistress would not relent, and the girl must go, and at once. The poor unoffending girl was now fairly aroused by this piece of injustice, left the room crying, and said, “A pretty fuss, indeed, about a low ’bus driver, *she*, the maid, would never lower *herself* by even noticing such cattle. And to be jealous of a ’bus driver!” Here her tears gave way to a loud laugh, as she shut the door of the room with a bang, loud enough to bring it off its hinges.

The mistress called after her, and said, “for this last piece of impudence she would never give her a character.”

The girl indignantly retorted, “she wanted no character from any woman who took to keeping a ’bus driver, far less bringing such scum unblushingly among her own children and servants.”

The lady felt the reproof, and was silenced. The girl quitted the house that day. In one of her amorous fits the widow explained to the driver all her circumstances—ways and means, &c., which, if they did not exactly meet his expectations, he found that, by marrying her, he could live independently and idly, and enjoy pursuits more congenial with his tastes and habits. And so they were married.

The satiety of love succeeds, and the wrongs of time brought sober reflection, the fire of passion had been cooled down to the common routine of domestic life. The wife could not help contrasting the coarse and vulgar habits of her present husband with the kind, affectionate gentleness of her deceased lord, and you may be sure the preponderating weight of evidence went with the latter. No matter, “she had made her bed, and she must lie on it.”

The ex-’bus-driver began to give himself airs, and assume a stern authority. There were many things not to his liking, and the domestic arrangements of a well-regulated family annoyed him greatly. He had been accustomed to live “anyhow,” and all the appertenances of a well-spread table he denounced as gimeracks and useless.

“No,” he would say, “give me a slice of bread and a bit of steak or cold meat upon it; and that is the way I likes my wittles.”

A gentle remonstrance was here attempted by the wife, pointing out the difference of his present station in society, intimating that her children had been accustomed to the refinements of life, and she really thought he ought to conform to those little observances, and live as suited their condition.

“Lookee here,” he replied, “ven I married you I didn’t marry your childer—remember that. I’m not agoing to father other men’s brats, and I won’t, that’s flat; and them is my sentements and resolutions!”

“But,” remonstrated the wife, “you could not, you would not, be so cruel as to separate children from their mother?”

“I hates childer, and you must either send them packing or me—there, take your chice.” Saying which, in a towering passion, the brute left the house, joined his more congenial company, the ’bus and cabmen, and found his way home, at 2 o’clock the next morning, in a beastly state of intoxication.

It was now the infatuated woman began to reflect seriously upon

her own precipitate and ungovernable passion. She had hoped, by elevating this wretch, that common gratitude would have induced him to treat herself and children with, at least, common decency and respect. But, no: her idol was transformed, or rather, remained what he was originally, and, like our little street Arabs, would not be reclaimed or reformed. From this unpleasant reverie she was aroused by her husband informing her "that he had invited some of his pals to take a snack o' dinner with him; and, as they was early birds, they would arrive at 12 o'clock. So jest get summut substantial—no fal-lal nonsense: a thigh o' mutton, lots of turnips, some taters, and as much lush as she pleased—harf-and-harf is what they drinks, and a go or two of gin, some pipes and 'bacca, and with this they would enjoy "theirself," and her too, if she liked; but none of the kids (children) were to make their appearance. "Now, old gal, give us a drain of summut—a hair out of the old dog, as we says on the 'bus; so look alive, will ye?"

She looked more dead than alive; but she was obliged to humour the brute. What on earth was she to do with the low companions invited to her house? Resistance would never do, and she fairly wept with vexation. The fellow sat drinking neat brandy to settle his nerves, and prepare him for the duty of host; and before the arrival of his distinguished guests he declared himself "more than half tight."

The lady wished to know if the luncheon, as she called a meal at noon, should be spread in the kitchen, thinking to herself that would be the most appropriate place. But, no: she was startled by an authoritative order, bellowed out by her half-drunken husband, "to have the spread in the dining-room." There was no help for it, and so it was arranged.

At the appointed hour, ten of the most ruffianly-looking mortals of that well-known fraternity of ruffianism made their appearance

in a body, to the no small scandal of some, and the infinite amusement of others of the neighbourhood, who were attracted by the novelty of seeing such a group of guests to the late widow. There was no doubt, from the aroma which accompanied their introduction, that several goes of strong waters had passed their lips; some declaring that gin and bitters was a whet to the appetite. These men were regularly introduced by the ex-driver to his "missus," and each individual had the honour of presentation by the slang patronymic in which he was known—such as Wall-eyed Bill, Bob Staggers, the Jibber, the Stepper, the Roarer, &c., &c., all in some way relating to "'osses" or "'buses."

The lady was dumbfounded, trembling in every limb; at length she found courage to say "she hoped her husband's friends would excuse her absence from table, for she felt unwell: but she entreated them to make themselves at home. Wishing they might enjoy the entertainment, she curtsied herself out. She had done so just in time, for she only reached her chamber to faint upon the couch.

To describe the conduct of those men, and their manners, would be morally impossible: their voracious appetites; the constant libations and calls for drink; their disgusting conversation and remarks—savour too much of the blackguardism of the class to admit of any description. The scene presented one saturnalia of fiends, imbued with more than ordinary licentiousness of language and disgusting narration. The unhappy girls, who waited on them, were shocked and frightened; flew to their mistress for protection from the brutal assaults, and positively refused to again subject themselves to the rude attacks of these unruly men. The poor mistress was shocked beyond utterance; she had no control, and her husband had given loose to the most boisterous hilarity of drunken imbecility. Fortunately, their senses had become so obtuse by the powerful and repeated

draughts of gin, beer, and tobacco, that each individual gave way to a drowsiness that could not be overcome, and they fell asleep, some on the chairs, others under them; but the whole was one scene of riot and exhaustion. And thus they slept till far into the succeeding morning.

Just six weeks after the nuptial tour an incessant jarring and wrangling were heard in that once peaceful and respectable dwelling. Just six weeks sufficed to arouse this woman from the romantic but foolish dream which had overpowered her better sense, and to claim her most strenuous exertions to alter or alleviate her miserable life.

The handsome husband's influence had been stultified; the love and affection he assumed, vanished, and he became the tyrant, domineering, unfeeling scoundrel. This could not be endured, and a separation took place, the wife allowing her recreant husband two pounds per week, upon condition that he should trouble her no more.

This alternative was accepted joyfully; and the house once more assumed the peaceful abode of a woman, "who would please her eye if she broke her heart."

The sequel is soon told. The husband's idle life was diversified by his indulgence in every species of vice, extravagance, and inebriety, which soon reduced his small allowance. The result was, his habits of dissipation involved him in debt, and the alternative, flight or incar-

ceration; the latter was forced upon him, it having been intimated that he was preparing to "levant," and thus evade his creditors. So a well-known Hebrew professor of the art of kidnapping certain individuals, paid the Adonis a morning visit, and introduced him to the society of Knights of the White Cross.

One would be inclined to imagine that impulsive and romantic ladies would take warning from the many cases so publicly and so continually brought before them by the police, newspapers, and other sources, and avoid placing themselves in such jeopardy. But no; they feel a power within themselves of altering the natural propensities of some men, and by an amiable, but fanciful weakness, conceive that love and affection on their part will cure the most abandoned and wicked from a course of degradation and vice. But such deluded ladies forget that the love is all one-sided; and although their hearts may be overflowing with that divine attribute, the heart they wish to secure, and fancy they have secured, is nothing but an icicle, or a particle of adamant, although within the carcase of an animated being. There is no reciprocity; consequently no influence, however judiciously exercised, can remodel or restrain a mind or will otherwise disposed. Therefore let all such impulsive ladies, old and young, bear in mind that handsome men are not angels.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.*

BEFORE we found leisure to examine a volume entitled "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches," we had no idea so much interesting history was connected with those mechanisms that so unerringly mark the flight of time. When we looked through the elaborate contents, to note the arrangement of the book, and of what it was composed, we could not help exclaiming—"This is, indeed, a notable demonstration of what literary industry may achieve!"

Mr. Wood has divided his subject into twelve chapters, commencing with the first and various divisions of time, and bringing it down to the chronometer found among the sad relics of the Franklin expedition. The task of compiling this volume, let it be observed, has been undertaken for the reader, in search after entertainment, and has little to do with the mechanics of clocks and watches.

"While recording," says the author, "some of the curiosities, oddities, and anecdotes of the history of horology, it is not our intention to enter upon mere mechanical details, or technical descriptions of clock and watch work. If we were to attempt to describe the anatomy of the instruments about which we are treating, we should be drawn into a discourse that would be better suited to an encyclopædia, than to a book for general readers."

The author's design, on the contrary, has been to give us "a general description of clocks which do almost everything, including talking, and of watches that chant and converse, and are in the forms of skulls, animals, fruits and flowers."

Mr. Wood's researches amongst clocks and watches have been presented in a very agreeable style of

composition. It abounds in anecdotes, all of which have been traced and verified, and a history is given of every watch or clock in all countries that possesses any historic interest, or remarkable for its age or construction.

Our first extract from this invaluable volume will be from the beginning, and on the

FIRST DIVISIONS OF TIME.

"It is said that among the early Romans, the natural day, reckoned from sunrise to sunset, was divided into twelve hours; these hours, of course, varying in length according to the season. The ancient Egyptians, Mexicans, and Persians reckoned the beginning of the day from sunrise. It was divided into four intervals, determined by the rising and setting of the sun, and its two passages over the meridian. This was an arrangement not likely to have originated anywhere except in a low latitude, where the four divisions thus formed are never subject to any considerable inequality. When the interval called a day, and containing twenty-four hours, really begins and ends is rather uncertain, for some nations begin the day at sunrise, some at sunset, some at mid-day, and some at midnight. It is not exactly known when the present mode of beginning the day at midnight first came into use; but it appears to have been an ecclesiastical invention. The natural day obviously commences at sunrise, and ends at sunset, when the natural night begins; and this seems to have been the earliest system of reckoning. Afterwards the day and night became each divided into four parts; and long after this, the division into hours was introduced, to correspond with the division of the year into months; and the first hours were therefore twelfths of the whole interval from the commencement of one day to that of the next; and probably the sub-

* *Curiosities of Clocks and Watches from the Earliest Times.* By Edward J. Wood. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

division into twenty-four hours from dividing both the natural day and night into twelve equal parts. To make his volume as perfect as possible, Mr. Wood seems to have allowed nothing to escape his attention, and in its proper place he gives the following

ETYMON OF THE WORD CLOCK.

"The general name of every instrument that in any way measured the motion of time was anciently horologium, and this name was used whether it referred to a sundial, clepsydra, sand-glass, or clock. The etymon of the word 'clock' is variously stated; thus we have the following:—Saxon, *clugga*, *clucga*; German, *klocke*, armoric, *clock*, or or *clech*; Irish, *clog*; Welsh, *cloc*; Belgic and Danish, *kloke*; Teutonic, *glocke*; French, *cloche*, Latin, *glocio*; Chinese, *glog*. It originally meant only a bell for striking a sound, and that signification it still retains in the French language. Clocks, even at so late a period as the reign of James I., were often called horologes. Up to the fourteenth century the word 'clock' was applied only to the bell which rung out the hour, or certain periods, determined by the sun-dial or sand-glass. One writer says that there does not appear any passage which alludes to a clock by that name earlier than the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII.; but this is a mistake, for Dr. Reginald Pocock, sometime Bishop of Chichester, in his work, 'The Repressor of Over-much Blaming of the Clergy,' written about 1449, distinctly mentions a clock."

Further on in the work we are informed that one of the earliest meals of working

THE GONMIN OR SUNDIAL,

"Which was originally no more than a column that, raised above the earth towards the sun, offered a substance, which by casting a shadow of varying position and length, denoted the various times of the day. The earliest mention of a sundial is in the second book of Kings, chapter xx., verse 11, 'And Isaiah the prophet, cried unto the Lord, and he brought the

shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz.' The word 'dial' is the same as that translated as degrees in the same verse; therefore this record must be received with caution, particularly because Ahaz was king of Judah from the year 741 to 726 B.C., and the invention of the sundial is generally attributed to Aniximander, about two hundred years later than this time."

Amongst the very earliest inventions for marking time were Water Clocks, which are thus described:—

"Long before the Christian era, clepsydræ, or water-clocks, were in use; but the name and time of the inventor of these instruments have not been reliably recorded. It is said that the censor Scipio Nasica was the first who measured the hours by water, by night as well as by day, in the year 595, B.C. The nature and general fashion of the instrument originally employed by the Greeks, and subsequently used in Rome, for measuring time by the escape of water, may be understood from passages in the works of Aristotle and other ancient writers; but representations of the clepsydra are of a very rare occurrence. One in a bas-relief at the Matter Palace in Rome closely resembles in form the hour-glass of the present day. The principle of these earliest mechanical contrivances for the measurement of time was very simple. In those of the common kind, the water issued drop by drop through a small hole in the vessel that contained it, and fell into a receiver, in which some light floating body marked the height of the water as it rose, and by these means the time that had elapsed. In a bas-relief of the date of the Lower Empire figuring the Hippodrome in Constantinople, a clepsydra in the shape of an oviform vase appears. It is very simply mounted, being traversed by an axis, and turned with a crooked handle. By this contrivance, the instantaneous inversion of the vase

was secured, and the contents escaping a certain definite time, showed the number of minutes which were taken up by each missus or course."

While on the subject of water clocks, Mr. Wood indulges us with a sad but interesting episode:

"That water-clocks were early used in India there is good presumption, afforded by the arithmetical treatise of one Bhascara Acharya, written in the twelfth century. Of the daughter of this learned Indian it had been predicted that she should die unmarried. Her father resolved, if possible, to avert so harsh a fate. Having made a choice of a husband for her, and obtained an astrological determination of a lucky hour, he placed the young damsel, Liliwati, adorned as a bride, near the water-clock, to wait and watch for the auspicious hour. But in vain, for it passed unobserved; and on looking to the clock, which should have prevented such a mischance, the maiden found that a pearl which had become detached from her dress had fallen into the water, and closed the opening through which it should have flowed. Her father, thus disappointed, sought to console his child by saying to her, "I will write a book in your name, which shall remain to the latest time."

This he did; a "Liliwati" is a work now known to Hindu scholars.

Candle clocks, too, we gather from Mr. Wood, were among the methods which were adopted as time measurers.

On these curious clocks he says: "According to Asser, Alfred the Great, when a fugitive in his own country, vowed, that if he should be restored to his kingdom again he would devote a third of his time to the service of God. This vow he afterwards fulfilled, by appropriating eight hours of the day to acts of religion, eight to public business, and as many to sleep, study, and refreshment. To measure and rightly divide his time, he adopted the following

simple expedient: he procured as much wax as weighed seven two pennyweights, which he commanded to be made into six candles, each 12 inches in length, with the divisions of inches distinctly marked upon it. These being lighted one after the another regularly, burnt for four hours each, at the rate of an inch for every twenty minutes. Thus the six candles lasted twenty-four hours. The tending of these candle clocks he confided to one of his domestic chaplains, who constantly, from time to time, gave notice of their wasting. But when the winds blew, the air rushing in through the doors, windows, and crevices of his rude habitation, caused his candles to gutter, and by fanning the flame to burn faster. The ingenious king, in order to remedy this serious inconvenience, caused some fine white horn to be scraped so thin as to be transparent, which he let into close frames of wood; and in these primitive lanterns his wax clock burnt steadily in all weathers.

This brings the subject of "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches" up to:—

WHEEL CLOCKS.

"It is impossible to state with accuracy the time when clocks were first invented, and commenced to supersede the ancient time-measures. Ingenious men of several centuries, from Archimedes, two hundred years B.C., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been named as the inventors of the clock."

Boethius is said to have made the first wheel clock in 510. Stowe says that clocks were commanded to be set up in churches in 612.

His story is as follows:—"This yeare 606, dyed S. Gregory, surnamed the Great, being the third yeare of Focas, 59 Emperoure of the Romans, and after him Sabinianus succeeded, being the 63 Pope; he commanded clocks and dials to be set up in churches to distinguish the houres of the day."

It is said, but upon doubtful authority, that clocks were known in Geneva in the ninth century, and that the art of manufacturing them was imported there from Germany. The bell or sounding part of the machine was added some time after; and in the eleventh century clocks were not uncommon. However this may be, it seems tolerably certain that the trade of clock and watchmaking in Switzerland is of considerable antiquity, and it has remained until now as a staple branch of that country's manufactures. In the seventeenth century, some Swiss workmen constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock, which was placed in the church of Lode in the year 1630."

"It seems that clocks moved by weights and wheels began to be used in the monasteries of Europe about the eleventh century. Writers of this age speak of horologes in such a manner as to show that they were well-known, and that their construction was no mystery. Nevertheless, in 1108 the sacristan of the monastery of Cluny went out to observe the stars in order to know when to awaken the monks to prayer. Alvanus, an old divine, disputing against those who deny the soul's existence, and adducing various arguments to prove thereof, thus deals with one that might be used against him. Neither do the motions of those clocks, which are moved by water or weight give you uneasiness, both kinds of which move but for a short and moderate time, require frequent repair, and the perfect skill of the astronomer who has a thorough knowledge of his art; but in the bodies of animals and vegetables the motive power is entirely internal, which moderates and regulates the movement of their parts, and renders it always perfect." The convenience of clocks, of which for a long time the monasteries were in almost exclusive possession, was gradually appreciated by those who were in

civil authority, and public clocks one by one came into use."

Mr. Wood, however, has undoubtedly traced the first wheel clock used in England to be that of—

THE CLOCK IN OLD ST. PAUL'S.

"We now come to a consideration of the first of the Wheel Clocks that were seen in England. In the "*Compotus Bracerii*" of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, for the year 1286, the allowance to "*Bartholomo Orologiario*," the clock keeper, are entered, namely, of a year and eight days, two hundred and eighty one pannes. And we also find therein an item, "*Bartholorn orologi, post adventum Willielmir de Pikewell xxiii lollæ*" or bottæ, that is botta, a liquid measure, probably of beer. This tends to show that the Cathedral had a clock at a very early time."

It will be found interesting to contrast with this description the following account of the

CLOCK OF NEW ST. PAUL'S.

"The present clock at St. Paul's is remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels, and the fineness of its works. It was made by Lang Bradley in 1708, at a cost of £300. It has two dial plates, one south, and the other west. Each is between fifty and sixty feet in circumference. One of them was described in 1844 as being the largest in this country that was furnished with a minute-hand. The hour numerals are a little over two feet eight inches in height. The minute-hands are about eight or nine feet long, and weigh seventy-five pounds each, and the hour hands are between five and six feet long, and weigh forty-four pounds each. The pendulum is sixteen feet long, and its bob weighs one hundred and eighty pounds; but it is suspended by a spring no thicker than a shilling. Its beat is two seconds, that is, a dead beat of thirty to a minute instead of sixty. The clock goes eight days, and strikes the hour on the great bell, which is suspended about forty feet from the floor. The hammer lies on the outside brim of

the bell, has a large head, weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds, is drawn by a wire at the back part of the clockwork, and falls again by its own weight upon the bell. The clapper weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. The diameter of the bell is ten feet; its weight is about one hundred and two hundred-weights, and it is inscribed,—“Richard Phelps made me, 1716.” Below this bell is two smaller ones on which the clock strikes the quarters.

But we dare not trespass farther on our privileges by making more extracts from a book that is crowded with history, anecdote, and episode, of the most varied and readable description. In conclusion, however, we may observe that Mr. Wood gives a very admirable account of the famed clocks of Strasburg, Westminster Palace, and Glastonbury, also very interesting particulars concerning Musical and Illuminated Clocks.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

OF all the saints in the calendar the dearest and sweetest—the one who is most remembered, and most worshipped—is undoubtedly Saint Valentine. Thanks to him, for one day in the year at least the human heart is engaged in feeling, and talking, and writing of love. It would be well for mankind if there were more days in the year than one set apart to the tender passion, and to meet delicate advances, like birds in spring-time, for Jack and Jill, under the veil and license of a Valentine, to make their confessions of love and matrimonial overtures to each other. Even old maids and bachelors, deny it as they will—for they are human—like to hear the postman's knock on Valentine's Day, and only speak slightly of the good old custom when they find the “man of letters” pass their door with his freight of love to give his welcome and expected rat-tat, and deliver the love-missives at the doors of their neighbours. Envy terribly influences opinion, and we pledge our existence that nine men and women out of ten who scoff at the custom of sending valentines are antiquated, dry-as-dust people, who have no one to love them.

But Valentine's Day is better respected and cared for now than it ever was. In days of yore we had nothing but dauby pictures and unmeaning symbols of the divine passion to send to each other, which were hardly worth receiving, much less preserving. But how stands the case now? Why, positively, Mr. Rimmel has raised the Valen-

tine to a complete work of art. His valentines have long been celebrated for their taste and beauty, but this year he has produced such exquisite things, that we pity all who have not the good luck to get one. For ourselves, we don't care how many we receive; we are so susceptible, that we believe we should fall in love with any young lady who would send us one, especially one of his richly mounted ten-guinea ones. But we fear we have captivated no one to that extent, they are only for royalty to make love with. But Mr. Rimmel—generous soul!—has also brought his genius to bear on Shilling Valentines. Will the reader interested in Valentines—and “lives there a man with heart so cold” who is not? woman we are sure there is not—take our word for it, that at one shilling each Mr. Rimmel has produced a large variety of Valentines of the most killing kind. No heart but what must yield when wooed by one of these; and a love of a thing indeed, called “The Tinted Valentine,” and “The Language of Flowers” (2s. 6d. each), would be preserved for their beauty to eternity by any person fortunate enough to receive one; while “The Musical Valentine” is a work of considerable genius. These exquisite Valentines, so deliciously scented, readily explain how it was that our dear Princess of Wales had appointed their tasteful maker “Perfumer to Her Royal Highness.”

A WOMAN'S MIRACLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUDITH'S CONFESSION AND DEATH.

It was about eight o'clock when Mr. Shaw and Eustace Raymond arrived at the little school-house. The night was cold for April, indeed there was a frosty sparkle about it, but this was compensated for by Heaven's lamp above, which was lit up to the fullest, and drove from the earth the black shades of night. Beautiful indeed was the moon to-night, as in her stateliness she walked the sky, and touched everything below with her welcome light. As the brougham bounded along, the bright silver harness of the tall high-stepping horses, shining resplendently as it came under the direct rays of the moon, Mr. Shaw leant forth to the carriage window and gazed upwards. And heavenward also went his thoughts; whilst his moistened eye lovingly rested on the beauteous moon, his quivering lips prayed for strength to support him under the anguish his daughter's unfathomable darkness had inflicted on him. And his lips moved, too, in tender prayer for Judith. Oh! more fervent imploration never before reached Heaven.

To bend the heart to God—never mind the knee—either in thanksgiving or supplication, even if what we ask we do not receive, always brings healing to our wounds, fortifies us with resignation, and strengthens us to bear with patience the “ills that flesh is heir to.” And these good things it did for the troubled mind of Mr. Shaw, who, as we have seen, went to the chamber of his distracted dying daughter, as calm as it was possible for a feeling father to be.

But what of Eustace? Neither his eye nor his thoughts soared upwards. When Mr. Shaw withdrew his gaze from the window, he saw his patron with his arms resting on his knees, his hands clasped, and his head bent low towards the floor of the carriage.

His pride of birth and ancestry had received a blow through his deceased brother that had stung him to the quick. He had the keenest sense of honour, and his proudest boast once was that never a Raymond, from the founder of the family to his father was other than a gentleman in word and deed.

But the religious sentiment—without which no one can be great or happy—the heir of Greatlands had never cultivated; and here he was now, like the man in the parable who built his house upon the sand, totally unprepared for the winds that blew.

Mr. Shaw, when he saw Eustace so bent in trouble, would feign have comforted him, but his timidity would not suffer him to take such a liberty with a Raymond. He was a man that too much observed social distinctions, and had no moral courage with his superiors.

Both in the brougham and at the foot of the stairs, Eustace was bitterly torturing himself with the terrible death-bed confession of his guilty brother. As he bent his head upon the banister of the stairs that led to the dying Judith's chamber, and to which Mr. Shaw with faltering step had gone, he gave way to a flood of maddening reflections.

“Why did he oppress my soul with the knowledge of his Cain-like crime? Oh, it was mean, selfish, and unbrotherly! Bearing his name, he must have thought I had, like him, an insensible soul, and would think nothing of the murder of a child! It would have been a kinder action to have slain me rather than my peace. What cursed fate ever gave me such a brother! to rob me of my love, and then mercilessly to chain me up in companionship with his hellish deeds! Oh! what fiendish malice to one that nature made his brother!—to one who never gave him an unkind word nor an angry look.”

His troubled thoughts were here broke in upon. He heard Judith scream, "Oh, father, I am lost!"

Eustace ascended two steps of the stairs, and leant forward over others, that he might better hear what passed between father and daughter.

"Oh! Robert, Robert, could you be a witness of this scene—could you but know the pangs you have made me and this poor girl suffer by your guilt—you would stand appalled with shame! I would rather be the meanest peasant on the estate than the heir to riches and the brother of a murderer."

"In the river! in the river!" were the ominous words that now smote the wretched listener's ear, as they issued from Judith's chamber.

Eustace shrank back from the stairs, and coiled himself together in fear and trembling, and appealingly exclaimed, in tones loud enough to penetrate the chamber at the top of the few stairs on which he stood—

"Have mercy on me, Judith! Spare me the recital of my brother's crimes!"

When the distracted Judith heard these words, holding the trembling hand of her agitated father, whilst his eyes were upwards raised, she stared around, and then said—

"Why that is Mr. Raymond's voice. Where is he? I want to see him—I must see him! Where is he, father?"

Mr. Shaw replied that Eustace kindly came with him, and that he was below.

"Has he come to see me die?"

"Death is a solemn thing, my child," said Mr. Shaw.

"To the wicked, solemn indeed, father,"—and Judith shuddered.

"Had I not better fetch a doctor, sir?" asked Sarah.

"Is it not silly of her, father, to think of such a thing?"

"I fear, my darling, that a doctor would be of no avail to you. Your illness evidently proceeds from a troubled mind, and you must look above for help and succour."

"Ah! you understand my disease. It is, indeed, a troubled mind, and my soul's too wicked—do not start, father, come close me. You did not think your Judith had a wicked soul—she that daily taught little children to be good and holy, and who knelt in nightly prayer with you. Oh! my base, deceitful heart!"

"Look round your bed, Judith. You see faces sorrowing at your unhappy condition of mind. Is it kind of you to keep me and them in so much ignorance of what ails thee? We are told to confess——"

"Remember your promise to me, Mr. Shaw!" said Eustace, entering the chamber with a countenance pale and haggard, and fixing his penetrating eyes on the man he addressed.

"Father asks me to confess, Mr. Raymond," said Judith, still holding the hand of the half-clerical schoolmaster. "You know all I know: you know the deed that has been done."

"No more—no more!" cried Eustace, standing at the bottom of the bed, while Mr. Shaw knelt on one side, and Miss Burchell and Sarah stood at the other.

"Help me to confess, Mr. Raymond!" implored Judith.

"I am here to beg you to be merciful to my feelings—to beg of you to let not a word pass your lips of the crime that has been done! Have you not made me suffer much already?"

"It was not I that killed——"

"Oh, have mercy—mercy, Judith!" implored Eustace, burying his eyes in his hands, and intentionally interrupting her in what she was going to say.

"Leave me, father, and comfort him," said Judith, weeping. "You, dear Miss Burchell, tell Mr. Raymond that he has no cause for suffering."

"Be silent, Judith, and I shall cease to suffer."

"Dear sir, my time is too short for silence. I have to make up the accounts of a wicked life with Heaven, to get the blessing and forgiveness of my father, and yet

my guilty soul dare not approach either. Oh! that I had so little to reproach myself for as you. Your brother—"

"Forbear, Judith, forbear!" cried the heir of Greatlands, looking at her, with outstretched hands.

Miss Burchell here found voice, and courage enough to use it, and she said—

"Eustace, there was a time when you would regard my lightest wish—"

"I bear no resentment, Miss Burchell," said Eustace, stately and coldly; "your wishes *now* I will regard."

"Then! pray let poor Judith unburden her mind, for I am sure it is fearfully oppressed, and that she needs the relief that follows confession."

After Miss Burchell had made known her wishes, Eustace—who laboured hard to control the fire and impatience this request had filled him with, but could not resist looking sternly at her—replied—

"I deny, Miss Burchell, that good can come to any one by earthly confessions; to be of service, they should be given over to the keeping of Heaven. If she has sinned, we have no power to absolve her."

"Absolve, no; but she has something to tell, and as it is plain that she would find relief in telling, she should be encouraged to the task. Let us withdraw, and leave her with her father, to whom she might unburden her griefs."

"And heap more misery on me! Judith—can you find relief in making me more wretched than you have done?"

"Oh! not me, Mr. Raymond—not me! Your brother—"

"No more, Judith—no more!" cried Eustace, imperatively, while he looked frowningly on that poor girl with nothing but wretchedness beaming from her eyes.

"Would Mr. Raymond pardon me one word?" said Mr. Shaw.

"Not a syllable! Oh! you'll make me mad! Let her tell all if her shame will let her!"

Poor Judith bowed her head in her hands, and her tears trickled through her fingers. Sob—sob—oh! she piteously sobbed, and even Eustace pitied her, and while he pitied he regretted his vehement words. Mr. Shaw, he, poor man, was full of wretchedness; his bloodless face was the picture of woe; his hands were cold as death; his moistened eyes, beaming with tenderness, dropped upon his crouched-up daughter, and then they looked upward, and his lips quivered.

All saw his silent sufferings, and none were more moved by them than Eustace. He remembered, and repented, the iron promise he had bound him to make, and at once yielded to the unselfishness of his better nature. He kindly and feelingly came to where Mr. Shaw knelt by the bedside of his child, and told him that he released him from his word to him, that he would withdraw, and that he was at perfect liberty to follow the dictates of his own heart, and comfort his daughter after the manner of his own judgment.

"For me, Judith, you may be at peace. If I have reproached you, it was in the heat of my tormented soul, which swayed me to be unjust to you, who are as innocent of blame as I am. Forgive me!"

"Forgive," cried Judith, darting her glassy eye on Eustace. "Oh! sir, your kindness afflicts me more than your reproaches. I feel to merit every evil at your hands, while your tenderness falls on me like coals of fire. When I am gone from your gaze—when the wormy earth presses me in its consuming cold embrace—"

Old Sarah could not bear to hear Judith talk thus, and, regardless of all considerations, she exclaimed, leaning over and holding her round the waist,—

"Don't talk thus, dear child! You'll break all our hearts if you are not more yourself."

With ebbing breath Judith sighed and said,—

"I can talk no more now," and Sarah supported her back upon her

pillow. Then the attendant, Miss Burchell, and Eustace, went with noiseless step to the little parlour below. As they were retiring, Judith saw them, and without raising her head, for her strength was fast failing her, she feebly said,—

"Eustace—all of you—come back to me. I shall never see you more. Let one sight gladden my dying eyes. Let me see you take Miss Burchell's hand in yours, Mr. Raymond. He who wronged me, wronged you. Robert's passion swayed him as relentlessly as the wind the waves. The dark wing of the devil was on him when he divided your two loving hearts, as it was when he—when he mar—"

"Have mercy on me, Judith!" exclaimed Eustace, dropping Amy's hand, which he had taken at the dying girl's request.

"Well—well—I'll not speak it. But before I go where the wicked cease from troubling, it would so comfort me to know that you two were happy again. You know that your hearts are with each other—"

"Do not be concerned for us, dear Judith; think only how we can make you better."

"Oh! let me do the good I ask you, and I shall die easier. Every soul in Greatlands would rejoice to hear your wedding-bells—wouldn't they, father?"

"And no one would rejoice more than myself, if ever I rejoice again," said Mr. Shaw, while, still kneeling, his hands folded together on the bedclothes, and his eyes earnestly gazing on his child, who said—

"I beseech you both to waste no more of the days of your love and youth in pride, and I am sure Heaven will bless you. Neither of you have done wrong to each other, and now that the evil which separated you has been destroyed, make up for the dark passage of the past four years, by sweetening your future days with the breath of greater love and affection."

Amy, all tears, came and kissed the clammy lips of the feeble girl, and whispering, "God bless you,

dear Judith," slid from the room, while nothing was to be heard but her rustling silk skirt. Sarah attended her, and Eustace, with a sorrowful step, also followed.

"And now, father—oh! my dear, my precious father!—how can I make my peace with you? Come to my arms—for my strength will not allow me more than to speak in whispers." Mr. Shaw rose from his knees, and laid his head close by Judith's.

"What ails my darling child? You have been talking of all things but Heaven, Judith, where alone you can get balm for wounded souls. Pray with me, my love."

"That shall be my last work, dear father,"—and with more strength than she could well afford, she hugged him to her bosom, and kissed him. "Now, dear father, your Christian faith has to be tested. If it is strong and true, you will be supported under the revelation of my wickedness—if not, how can you survive the knowledge of your dying daughter's guilt?"

"My Judith, Heaven has sent me many trials in this life—the death of your dear mother was heavy—"

"Oh! bless her—bless her! God was good to take her away in ignorance of my guilt. Would He had been so merciful to you, dear father!"

"He has given me strength to bear the ills He sends me. Now, my child, if you have done evil, and would like me to know it, I am prepared. But it is Heaven alone that can pardon you."

"It must be told," Judith muttered to herself. "I must, dear father, burden you with my misdoings. Eustace knows them, and you and he, when I am gone, may be able to comfort each other. You remember, father, the time when you were called away from home, to officiate for Mr. Goodwin at Eldred Church, and mother was at her father's in Wales?"

"Well, Judith."

"Ah! it was the summer time, for I remember when I had dis-

missed the school, I would sit out in the warm evenings under our chestnut-tree, and read or work. During the week that you left me, God also forsook me. And what are we then without His care?"

"Nothing, my darling, but preys to evil."

"And such I was. The first evening you left me, I was standing over our garden-gate—where I shall never stand again"—here she burst into tears, and her father also wept. "Yes," she resumed, when her weeping would let her, "I was there watching the setting sun go down, and observing the daisies at my feet close up in sleep as he withdrew his mantle of warmth and splendour from them, when Robert Raymond came by—and stopped to talk with me." She paused, and drew her breath fast and thick.

"Well, Judith, well?" said her father, longing for the dismal tale to be told and over.

"At the very time, though my vanity was flattered to the highest, I had other feelings that made me wish he had not condescended to speak to me. Somehow I felt my soul wrapped in sudden darkness. He stayed long, but I did not ask him within the school-house—for I was alone. I said and did all kinds of things as hints for him to go on his way—but still he stopped, and

Greatlands' church clock struck nine before he left. The next night he came again. I thought it was unkind of him, for he knew that you were from home, and that I was alone. But I had not the courage to tell him so, and was foolish enough to remain there with him, listening to his praises of my beauty, until Greatlands' church clock struck ten. His flattering began to dazzle my foolish heart; and I too much thought that you and I were dependants on the Raymonds. The third night he came again. I was within the house then, and he knocked, and uninvited he came in. This third evening visit, he made excuse that he had brought me a diamond ring—you will find the trash in that box of mine, father, when I am gone. And then he began to talk of wedding-rings, and I begun, oh! foolish Judith, to think he loved me, and meant to marry me. Oh! my father, how proficient is the devil in the weakness of the female heart! That night Robert Raymond would kiss me. I was alone, and he lingered until Greatlands' Church struck twelve!"

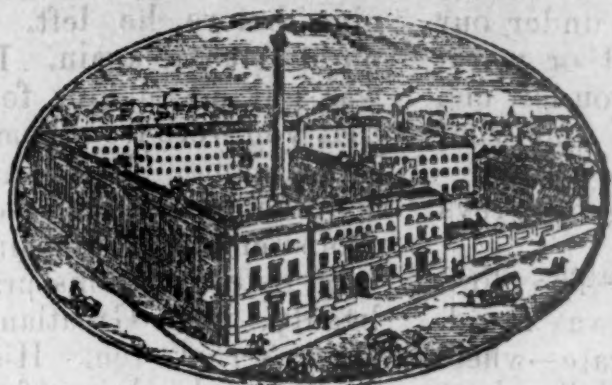
Judith, here overpowered with her feelings, suddenly paused in her fearful narrative, and breathed spasmodically, while she closed her eyes—her father fearing lest she was closing them in death.

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THE CACAO TREE.

HUMBOLDT says that, "La Guayra is one of the hottest places on the earth." La Guayra is worthy of remark, moreover, as being the seaport whence are shipped the finest varieties of Cocoa (*Theobroma Cacao*); it is also the chief port in the province of Caraccas and of the whole southern shore of the Caribbean Sea. The coast line is fringed with the palm (*Coccothrinax*) which supplies the cocoa nuts of the fruiterer, and abounds with flamingoes, pelicans, and cormorants; but the Cacao tree (*Theobroma Cacao*), from the fruit of which Cocoa and Chocolate are made, grows in the valleys running north and south through the inward table-land. For the Cacao-tree, to be cultivated advantageously, requires an altitude of not less than five hundred feet, and for the protection of the blossom and the well-being of the fruit, a hilly range sheltering it from all easterly winds.

A Cacao plantation, or walk, as it is called, may contain some thousand trees, seldom more than twenty feet in height, and very frequently planted with intermediate rows of Coffee trees—the latter protecting the young Cacao plants from the too-scorching heat.

The crops are in December and June, and a well-bearing tree will produce twenty or thirty pods, which are gathered during a period of three weeks or so, as they turn yellow. After being allowed to lie in heaps for a time to further ripen, the pods are opened, the pulp removed, and the seeds—the Cacao—spread out on mats in the sun. As they dry, each obtains a hard thin skin, and is of the size of a kidney-bean. The next processes are those of the manufacturer, who commences by roasting the nuts and removing the husks.

Many millions of pounds of Cocoa are now annually consumed in this country, while prior to the reduction of the duty in 1832, the quantity was not half a million. But although this progress has been made, an adverse influence has continually been tending to check its consumption in the attempt of some manufacturers to gratify the public desire for a cheap article, by throwing on the market that only which is inferior and adulterated.

However, shortly after the reduction of the duty, the doctrine of Homœopathy was introduced into this country, and greatly stimulated the use of Cocoa. Being almost the only beverage recommended to those under the homœopathic mode of treatment, it became very essential that a preparation of a quality at once attractive and pure should be made obtainable for their use.

JAMES EPPS, the homœopathic chemist first established in this country, was induced to turn his attention to the subject, and with the assistance of elaborate machinery, succeeded at length in perfecting the preparation now bearing his name. The very agreeable character of this preparation soon rendered it a general favourite. An additional recommendation was the facility by which it could be prepared for the table. It but required two teaspoonfuls of the powder to be put in a breakfast cup, then to be filled up with boiling water or milk, and the beverage was ready.

Although this preparation was especially introduced for the use of homœopaths, medical men of all schools soon began to recommend it. Its natural attractiveness of flavour and its developed grateful qualities, soon obtained for it a position which had only been withheld from cocoa through misadventure.

Dr. HASSALL, in his work, "Food and its Adulterations," says:—"Cocoa contains a great variety of important nutritive principles—every ingredient necessary to the growth and maintenance of the body." Again, "as a nutritive, Cocoa stands very much higher than either coffee or tea."

Dr. LANKESTER says:—"Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef."

Dr. LIEBIG says:—"Theobromine, the most highly nitrogenised vegetable principle." (The most nutritious food is as a rule highly nitrogenised.)

Dr. HOOPER says:—"Admirably adapted for the sick—for those in health it is a luxury."

Epps's Cocoa, or, as it is more frequently called, Epps's Homœopathic Cocoa, is secured in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and 1lb. tin-lined, labelled packets, and sold by Grocers, Confectioners, and Chemists.